Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

https://archive.org/details/antiquarycomedya00marm

THE ANTIQUARY.

A Comedy,

Acted by Her MAIESTIES Servants

AT

The COCK-PIT.

Written

By SHACKERLY MERMION, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed by *F.K.* for *I.W.* and *F.E.* and are to be sold at the *Crane*, in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.

1641.

The Actors names.

The Duke of Pisa.
Leonardo } 2 *Courtiers:*
Donato }
Veterano *the Antiquary.*
Gasparo *a Magnifico of* Pisa.
Lorenzo *an old Gentleman.*
Moccinigo, *an old Gentleman that would appear yong.*
Lionell, *Nephew to the Antiquary.*
Petrutio *a fooliſh Gentleman, ſon to* Gaſparo.
Aurelio *a yong Gentleman.*
Aurelio's *father, in the diſguiſe of a* Bravo.
His Boy.
Petro *the Antiquary's boy.*

Æmilia *wife to* Gaſparo.
Lucretia *daughter to* Gaſparo.
Angelia *ſiſter to* Lionell, *in the diſguiſe of a Page.*
Julia } 2 *Waiting women.*
Baccha }
A Cook.
2 *Servants.*

The Scene Pisa.

THE ANTIQVARY.

Actus Primus.

Enter Lionell and Petrutio.

Lionell.

NOw Sir, let me bid you welcome to your country, and the longing expectation of those friends that have almost languish'd for the sight of you: I must flatter him, and stroke him too, he will give no milk else.

Pet. I have calculated, by all the rules of Reason and Art, that I shall be a great man; for, what singular quality concurs to perfection and advancement, that is defective in me? take my feature and proportion, have they not a kinde of sweetnesse and harmony to attract the eyes of the beholders? the confirmation of which, many authenticall judgments of Ladies have seal'd and subscrib'd to.

Lio. How do you Sir, are you not well?

Pet Next, my behaviour and discourse, according to the Court-garb, ceremonious enough, more promising than substantiall, able to keep pace with the best hunting wit of them all: besides, Nature has bless'd me with boldnesse sufficient, and Fortune with means; what then should hinder me? nothing but Destiny, villanous Destiny, that

chains vertue to darkneſſe and obſcurity: well, I will inſinuate my ſelf into the Court, and preſence of the Duke, and if he have not the grace to diſtinguiſh of worth, his ignorance upon him.

Lio. What, in a muſe Sir?

Pet. Cannot a Gentleman ruminate over his good parts, but you muſt be troubling of him?

Lio. Wiſe men and fools are alike ambitious, this travelling motion has been abroad in queſt of ſtrange faſhions, where his ſpungie brain has ſuck'd the dregs of all the folly he could poſſibly meet with, and is indeed more aſſe than he went forth; had I an intereſt in his diſgrace, I'de rail at him, and perhaps beat him for it; but he is as ſtrange to me, as to himſelf, therefore let him continue in his belov'd ſimplicity.

Pet. Next, when he ſhall be inſtructed of my worth, and eminent ſufficiences, he cannot dignifie me with leſſe imployment, than the dignity of an Embaſſadour; how bravely ſhall I behave my ſelf in that ſervice, and what an ornament unto my country may I arrive to be, and to my kindred? but I will play the Gentleman, and neglect them, that's the firſt thing Ile ſtudy.

Lio. Shall I be bold to interrupt you, Sir?

Pet. Preſently Ile be at leiſure to talk with you; 'tis no ſmall point in State-policie, ſtill to pretend onely to be thought a man of action, and rather than want a colour, be buſied with a mans own ſelf.

Lio. Who do's this aſſe ſpeak to? ſurely to himſelf; and 'tis impoſſible he ſhould ever be wiſe, that has alwaies ſuch a fooliſh Auditory.

Pet. Then, with what emulous Courtſhip will they ſtrive to entertain me in forraign parts? and what a ſpectacle of admiration ſhall I be made amongſt theſe who have formerly known me? how doſt thou like my carriage?

Lio. Moſt exquiſite, beleeve me.

Pet. But is it adorn'd with that even mixture of fluencie and grace, as are requir'd both in a Statiſt and a Courtier?

Lio. So far as the divine proſpect of my underſtanding guides me, 'tis without parallell, moſt excellent; but I am no profeſs'd Critique in the Myſtery.

Pet. Well, thou haſt *Lincens* eyes for obſervation, or couldſt ne're

have

have made such a cunning discovery of my practise: but will the Ladies think you have that apprehension, to discern and approve of me?

Lio. Without question, they cannot be so dull or stony hearted, as not to be infinitly taken with your worth; why, in a while, you shall have them so enamour'd, that they'l watch every opportunity to purchase your acquaintance, then again revive it with often banquetting and visits, nay and perhaps invite others, by their foolish example, to do the like; and some, that despair of so great happinesse, will enquire out your haunts, and walk there two or three hours together, to get but a sight of you.

Pet. Oh infinite, I am transported with the thought on't! it draws neer noon, and I appointed certain Gallants to meet me at the five crown Ordinary; after, we are to wait upon the like beauties you talk'd of, to the publike Theater: I feel of late, a strong and witty *Genius* growing upon me, and I begin, I know not how, to be in love with this foolish sin of Poetry.

Lio. Are you Sir? there's great hopes of you.

Pet. And the reason is, because they say, 'tis both the cause and effect of a good wit, to which I can sufficiently pretend; for, Nature has not plaid the stepdame with me.

Lio. In good time, Sir.

Pet. And now you talk of time, what time of day is't by your Watch?

Lio. I have none, Sir.

Pet. How, ne're a Watch? oh monstrous! how do you consume your hours, ne're a Watch? 'tis the greatest solecisme in society that e're I heard of: ne're a Watch?

Lio. How deeply yon conceive of it?

Pet. You have not a Gentleman, that's a true Gentleman, without one; 'tis the main Appendix to a Plush-lyning: besides, it helps much to discourse; for, while others confer Notes together, we confer our Watches, and spend good part of the day with talking of it.

Lio. Well Sir, because Ile be no longer destitute of such a necessary implement, I have a suit to you.

Pet. A suit to me? let it alone till I am a great man, and then I shall answer you with the greater promise, and lesse performance.

Lio. I hope, Sir, you have that confidence, I will ask nothing

to your prejudice, but what shall some way recompence the deed.

Pet. What is't? be brief, I am in that point a Courtier.

Lio. Usurp then on the profer'd means,
Shew your self forward in an action
May speak you noble, and make me your friend.

Pet. A friend, what's that? I know no such thing.

Lio. A faithfull, not a ceremonious friend;
But one that will stick by you on occasions,
And vindicate your credit, were it sunk
Below all scorn, and interpose his life
Betwixt you and all dangers: such a friend,
That when he see's you carried by your passions
Headlong unto destruction, will so follow you,
That he will guide you from't; and with good counsell,
Redeem you from ill courses: and, not flattering
Your idle humour to a vain expence;
Cares not to see you perish, so he may
Sustain himself awhile, and raise a fortune,
Though mean, out of your ruines, and then laugh at you.

Pet. Why, be there any such friends as these?

Lio. A word,
They walk like spirits not to be discern'd,
Subtill and soft like ayr, can oyly balm
Swimming o're their words and action; but below it,
A flood of gall.

Pet. Well, to the purpose, speak to the purpose.

Lio. If I stand link'd unto you,
The Gordian knot was lesse dissoluble,
A rock lesse firm, or centre moveable.

Pet. Speak your demand.

Lio. Do it, and do it freely then, lend me a hundred Duckets.

Pet. How is that, lend you a hundred Duckets? not a——

Ile never have a friend while I breathe first, no, Ile stand upon my guard; I give all the world leave to whet their wits against me, work like Moles to undermine me, yet Ile spurn all their deceits like a hillock: I tell thee, Ile not buy the small repentance of a friend or whore, at the rate of a Liv're.

Lio.

Lio. What's this? I dare not
Truſt my own ears, ſilence choke up my anger;
A friend, and whore! are they two parallels,
Or to be nam'd together? may he never
Have better friend, that knows no better how
To value them: well, I was ever jealous
Of his baſeneſſe, and now my fears are ended.
Pox a'theſe travels, they do but corrupt
A good nature, and his was bad enough before.

Enter Angelia.

Pet. What pretty ſparkle of humanity have we here? whoſe attendant are you, my little knave?

Ang. I wait, Sir, on Maſter *Lionell.*

Lio. 'Tis well you are come, what ſay's the Gentleman?

Ang. I deliver'd your Letter to him, he is very ſorry he can furniſh you no better; he has ſent you twenty Crowns, he ſay's, towards the large debt he ows you.

Pet. A fine childe, and delivers his tale with good method; where, in the name of *Ganimede*, had'ſt thou this Epitomy of a ſervitour?

Lio. You'd little think of what conſequence and pregnancie this imp is; you may hereafter have both cauſe to know, and love him—
What Gentlemen are theſe?

Enter Gaſpero and Lorenzo.

Pet. One is my father.

Lor. I hear, your ſon, Sir, is return'd from travell,
Grown up a fine and ſtately Gentleman,
Outſtrips his compeers in each liberall Science.

Gaſ. I thank my Stars, he has improv'd his time
To the beſt uſe, can render an account
Of all his journall: how he has arriv'd
Through ſtrange diſcoveries, and compendious way's,
To a moſt perfect knowledge of himſelf:
Can give a modell of each Princes Court,
And is become their fear; he has a minde
Equally pois'd, and vertue without ſadneſſe,
Hunts not for fame, through an ill path of life;
But is indeed, for all parts, ſo accompliſh'd,

As I could wish or frame him.

Lor. These are joys,
In their relation to you, so transcendent,
As than your self, I know no man more happy:
May I not see your son?

Gasp. See where he stands,
Accompanied with yong *Lionell*, the Nephew
To *Viterano* the great Antiquary.

Lor. Ile be bold, by your favour, to indeer
My self in his acquaintance; noble *Petrutio*,
Darling of *Venus*, Minion of the Graces,
Let me adopt me heir unto your love:
That is yours by discent, and which your father,
A grave wise man, and a Magnifico,
Has not disdain'd.

Pet. I am much bound to you for it.

Lor. Is that all?

Pet. See the abundant ignorance of this Age, he cites my father for a President: alas, he is a good old man, and no more; there he stands, he has not been abroad, nor known the world; therefore, I hope, will not be so foolishly peremptory, to compare with me for judgment, that have travel'd, seen fashions, and been a man of intelligence.

Lor. Seignior, your ear, pray let's counsell you.

Pet. Counsell me! the like trespasse again; sure the old man dotes: who counsell'd me abroad, when I had none but mine own naturall wisdom for my protection? yet I dare say, I met with more perils, more variety of allurements, more Circes, more Calipso's, and the like, than ere were fain'd upon *Vlisses*.

Lor. It shew'd great wisdom, that you could avoid them,
Give o're, and tempt your destiny no farther;
'Tis time now, to retire unto your self:
Settle your minde upon some worthy beauty,
A wife will tame all wilde affections;
I have a daughter, who, for youth and beauty,
Might be desir'd, were she ignobly born;
And for her dowry, that shall no way part you:
If you accept her, here before your friends,

I will

I will betrothe her to you.

Pet. I thank you Sir, you'd have me marry your daughter; is it so?

Lor. With your good liking, not otherwise.

Pet. You nourish too great an ambition, what do you see in me, to make such a motion? no, be wise and keep her; were I married to her, I should not like her above a moneth at most.

Lor. How, not above a moneth?

Pet. Ile tell you, Sir, I have made an experience that way on my nature, when I have hir'd a creature for my pleasure, as 'tis the fashion in many places, for the like time that I told you of; I have been so tyr'd with her before 'twas out, as no horse like me, I could not spur my affection to go a jot further.

Gas. Well said boy, thou art ee'n mine own son, when I was yong, 'twas just my humour.

Lio. You give your self a plausible commends.

Pet. I can make a shift to love, but having injoy'd, fruition kils my appetite: no, I must have severall objects of beauty, to keep my thoughts alwaies in action, or I am no body.

Gas. Still mine own flesh and blood.

Pet. Therefore I have chose Honour for my Mistris, upon whose wings I will mount up to the heavens, where I will fix my self a constellation for all this under-world of mortals to wonder at me.

Gas. Nay, he is a mad wag, I assure you, and knows how to put a price upon his desert.

Pet. I can no longer stay to delate on these vanities, therefore Gallants I leave you. *Exit.*

Lor. What, is he gone? is your son gone?

Gas. So it seems. Well Gallants, where shall I see you anon?

Lor. You shall not part with us.

Gas. You shall pardon me, I must wait upon my son. *Exit.*

Lor. Do you hear Signior? a pretty preferment.

Lio. Oh Sir, the lustre of good cloath's, or breeding
Bestow'd upon a son, will make a rustick,
Or a mechanick father, to commit
Idolatry, and adore his own issue.

Ang. They are so well match'd, 'twere pitty to part them.

Lor.

Lor. Well said little one, I think thou art wiser than both them:
But this same scorn I do not so well relish;
A whorson humerous phantastick Novice,
To contemn my daughter, he is not worthy
To bear up her train.
Lio. Or kisse under it.
Will you revenge this injury upon him?
Lor. Revenge! of all the passions of my blood,
'Tis the most sweet; I should grow fat to think on't,
Could you but promise.
Lio. Will you have patience?
Be rul'd by me, and I will compasse it
To your full wish; wee'l set a bait afore him,
That he shall seize as sharply, as *Ioves* Eagle
Did snatch up *Ganimede.*
Lor. Do but cast the plot,
Ile prosecute it with as much disgrace
As hatred can suggest.
Lio. Do you see this Page then?
Lor. I, what of him?
Lio. That face of his shall do it.
Lor. What shall it do? methinks he has a pretty innocent countenance.
Lio. Oh! but beware of a smoothe look at all times:
Observe what I say, he is a Siren above,
But below a very Serpent; no female scorpion
Did ever carry such a sting, beleeve it.
Lor. What should I do with him?
Lio. Take him to your house,
There keep him privatly, till I make all perfect.
If ever Alchimist did more rejoyce
In his projection, ne're credit me.
Lor. You shall prevail, upon my faith, beyond
My understanding: and, my dapper squire,
If you be such a pretious wag, Ile cherish you;
Come, walk along with me: farewell Sir. *Exit Lor. and Ang.*
Lio. Adieu.

Now

Now I must travell, on a new exploit,
To an old Antiquary, he is my Uncle,
And I his heir; would I could raise a fortune
Out of his ruins: he is grown obsolete,
And 'tis time he were out of date; they say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue,
With ne're a nose, and dotes on the decays,
With greater love, than the self-lov'd *Narcissus*
Did on his beauty: how shall I approach him?
Could I appear but like a *Sibels* son,
Or with a face, rugged, as father *Nilus*
Is pictur'd on the Hangings, there were hope
He might look upon me; how to win his love,
I know not: if I wist he were not precise,
I'de lay to purchase some stale interludes,
And give him them; Books that have not attain'd
To the Platonick yeer, but wait their course,
And happy hour, to be reviv'd again:
Then would I induce him to beleeve they were
Some of *Terences* hundred and fifty Comedies,
That were lost in the Adriatick sea,
When he return'd from banishment: some such
Gullery as this, might be enforc'd upon him;
Ile first talk with his man, and then consider. *Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo, Gasparo, Moccinigo, and Angelia.

Lor. How hapt you did return again so soon, Sir?

Gas. Ile tell you Sir, as I follow'd my son
From the Rialto, neer unto the bridge,
We were encountred by a sort of Gallants,
Sons of Clarissimo's, and procurators
That knew him in his travels: whereupon
He did insinuate with his eyes, unto me,
I should depart and leave them.

Lor. 'Seems he was asham'd of your company.

Gas. Like will to like, Sir.

Lor. What grave and youthfull Gentleman's that with you?

Gas. Do you not know him?

Lor. No.

Gaſ. Not Signior *Moccinigo?*

Lor. You jeſt, I am ſure.

Gaſ. I, and there hangs a jeſt;
For, going to a Curtezan this morning,
In his own proper colour, his gray Beard,
He had th'ill luck to be refus'd; upon which,
He went and dy'd it; and came back again,
And was again, with the ſame ſcorn, rejected,
Telling him, that ſhe had newly deny'd his father.

Lor. Was that her anſwer?

Gaſ. It has ſo troubled him,
That he intends to marry; what think you, Sir,
Of his reſolution?

Lor. By'r Lady, it ſhews
Great haughtineſſe of courage; a man of his yeers,
That dares to venture on a wife.

Moc. A man of my yeers? I feel
My limbs as able as the beſt of them,
And in all places elſe, except my hair,
As green as a Bay tree; and for the whiteneſſe
Upon my head, although it now lye hid,
What do's it ſignifie, but like a tree that bloſſomes
Before the fruit come forth? and, I hope, a tree
That bloſſoms, is neither dry nor wither'd.

Lor. But pray, what piece of beauty's that you mean
To make the object of your love?

Moc. I, there
You poſe me; for I have a curious eye,
And am as choice in that point to be pleaſed,
As the moſt youthfull: here one's beauty takes me,
And there her parentage or good behaviour;
Anothers wealth or wit: but I'de have one,
Where all theſe graces meet, as in a center.

Gaſ. You are too ambitious, you'l hardly finde
Woman or beaſt that trots ſound of all four,
There will be ſome defect.

Moc. Yet this I resolve on,
To have a Maid tender of age, and fair:
Old fish, and yong flesh, that's still my dyet.
Lor. What think you of a Widow?
Moc. By no means,
They are too politick a generation,
Prov'd so by Similies; many voyages
Make an experienc'd sea-man, many offices
A crafty knave; so, many marriages,
A subtill cunning Widow: no, Ile have one
That I may mould, like wax, unto my humour.
Lor. This doting asse is worth, at least, a Million;
And though he cannot propagate his stock,
Will be sure to multiply. Ile offer him my daughter;
By computation of age, he cannot
Live past ten yeers; by that time shee'l get strength
To break this rotten hedge of Matrimony,
And after have a fair green field to walk in,
And wanton where she please. Seignior, a word,
And by this guesse my love; I have a daughter,
Of beauty fresh, of her demeanour gentle,
And of a sober wisdom: you know my estate;
If you can fancie her, seek no further.
Moc. Thank you Seignior, pray of what age
Is your daughter?
Lor. But sixteen at the most.
Moc. But 16, is she no more? she is too yong then.
Gas. You wisht for a yong one, did you not?
Moc. Not that I would have her in yeers.
Gas. I warrant you.
Moc. Well, mark what I say, when I come to her,
Shee'l neer be able to indure me.
Lor. Ile trust her.
Gas. I think your choice, Sir, cannot be amended,
She is so vertuous and so amiable.
Moc. Is she so fair and amiable? Ile have her,
She may grow up to what she wants, and then

I shall enjoy such pleasure and delight,
Such infinite content in her embraces,
I may contend with *love*, for happinesse:
Yet one thing troubles me.

Gas. What's that?

Moc. I shall live
So well on earth, I ne're shall think of any other joys.

Gas. I wish all joy to you; but, 'tis in th'power
Of Fate, to work a miracle upon you:
You may obtain the grace, with other men,
To repent your bargain before you have wel seal'd it.

Lor. Or she may prove his purgatory, and send him
To heaven the sooner.

Gas. Such like effects as these,
Are not unheard of in Nature.

Moc. For all these scruples,
I am resolv'd; bring me, that I may see her:
Yong handsom Ladies are like prizes at a Horse-race, where
Every well breath'd Gent'leman may put in for his share. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Leon. But are you resolv'd of this course, Sir?

Duke. Yes, wee'l be once mad in our daies, do an exploit for posterity to talk of; will you joyn with me?

Leon. I am at your graces dispossing.

Duke. No grace, nor no respect, I beseech you, more than ordinary friendship allow of; 'tis the onely bar to hinder our designs.

Leon. Then Sir, what fashion you are pleas'd to appoint me, I will be glad to put on.

Duke. 'Tis well; for my part, I am determin'd to lay by all ensigns of my royalty, for a while, and walk abroad under a mean coverture: variety do's well, and 'tis as great delight, sometimes, to shrowd his head under a course roof, as a canopy of gold.

Leon. But what's your intent in this?

Duke. I have a longing desire, to see the fashions of the vulgar; which, should I affect in mine own person, I might divert them from their humours; the face of greatnesse would affright them, as *Cato* did the Floralia from the Theater.

Leon. Indeed familiarity begets boldneſſe.

Duke. 'Tis true, indulgencie and flattery, take away the benefit of experience from Princes, which ennobles the fortunes of private men.

Leon. But you are a Duke, Sir; and this deſcent from your honour, will undervalue you.

Duke. Not a whit: I am ſo toyl'd out with grand affairs, and diſpatching of Embaſſages, that I am ready to ſink under the burthen. Why may not an *Atlas* of State, ſuch as my ſelf, that bears up the weight of a Commonwealth, now and then, for recreations ſake, be glad to caſe his ſhoulders? has not *Iupiter* thrown away his rayes and his thunder, to walk among mortals? do's not *Apollo* ſuffer himſelf to be depriv'd of his quiver, that he may waken up his Muſe, ſometimes, and ſing to his harp.

Leon. Nay Sir, to come to a more familiar example; I have heard of a Nobleman that has been drunk with a Tincker, and of a Magnifico that has plaid at blow-point.

Duke. Very good then, take our degree's alike, and the act's as pardonable.

Leon. In a humour, Sir, a man may do much: but how will you prevent their diſcovery of you?

Duke. Very well, the alteration of our cloaths, will aboliſh ſuſpition.

Leon. And how for our faces?

Duke. They ſhall paſſe without any ſeal of diſguiſe; who, ne're thought on, will ne're be miſtruſted.

Leon. Come what will, greatneſſe can juſtifie any action whatſoever, and make it thought wiſdom; but if we do walk undiſcern'd, 'twill be the better: it tickles me, to think what a maſſe of delight we ſhall poſſeſſe, in being as 'twere the inviſible ſpectators of their ſtrange behaviours. I heard, Sir, of an Antiquary, who, if he be as good at wine, as at hiſtory, he is ſure an excellent companion; and of one *Petrutio*, who playes the Eagle in the clowds: and indeed, divers others who verifie the Proverb, So many men, ſo many humours.

Duke. All theſe wee'l viſit in order; but how we ſhall comply with them, 'tis as occaſion ſhall be offred, we will not now be ſo ſerious to conſider.

Leon. Well Sir, I muſt truſt to your wit to manage it; leade on, I attend you. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Aurelio, and Musicians.

Aur. This is the window, now, my noble *Orpheus*;
As thou affect'st the name of Rarity,
Strike with the soul of Musick, that the sound
May bear my Love on his bedewed wing,
To charm her ear; as when a sacrifice,
With his perfumed steem, flies up to heaven,
Into *Joves* nostrils, and there throws a mist
On his enraged brow: oh how my fancie
Labours with the successe! *Song above.*

Enter Lucretia.

Luc. Cease your fools note there; I am not in tune,
To dance after your Fiddle: who are you?
What saucie groom, that dares so neer intrude,
And with offensive noise, grate on my ears?

Aur. What more than earthly light breaks through that window,
Brighter than all the glittering train of Nymphs
That wait on *Cynthia*, when she takes her progresse
In pursuit of the swift enchased Deer,
Over the Cretan or Athenian hils;
Or when, attended with those lesser stars,
She treads the azure circle of the heavens?

Luc. Hey dey, this is excellent! what voice is that?
Oh, is it you? I cry you mercie, Sir;
I thought as much, these are your tricks still with me:
You have been sotting on't all night with wine,
And here you come to finish out your revels;
I shall be, one day, able to live private,
I shall, and not be made the Epilogue
Of all your drunken meetings: for shame away,
The rosie morning blushes at thy basenesse.
Iulia, go throw the Musick a reward,

And

And set them hence.

Aur. Divine *Lucretia*,
Do not receive with scorn, my proffer'd service:
Oh turn again, though from your arched brow,
Strung with disdain, and bent down to your eye,
You shoot me through with darts of cruelty.
Ah foolish man, to court the flame that burns him!

Luc. What would this fellow have?

Aur. Shine still, fair Mistris,
And though in silence, yet still look upon me;
Your eye discourses with more Rhetorick
Than all the guilded tongues of Orators.

Luc. Out of my pitty, not my love, Ile answer;
You come to woe me, and speak fair, 'tis well:
You think to win me too, you are deceiv'd;
For when I hate a person, all his actions,
Though ne're so good, prove but his prejudice:
For flatteries are like sweet pills, though sweet,
Yet if they work not streight, invert to poyson.

Aur. Why do you hate me, Lady, was there ever
Woman so cruell, to hate him that lov'd her?
Oh, do not so degenerate from Nature,
Which form'd you of a temper soft as silk!
And to the sweet composure of your body,
Took not a drop of gall or corrupt humour,
But all your blood was cleer and purified.
Then as your limbs are fair, so be your minde;
Cast not a scandall on her curious hand,
To say, she made that crooked, or uneven;
For vertue is the best, which is deriv'd
From a sweet feature: Women crown their youth,
With the chaste ornaments of love and truth.

Luc. This is a language you are studied in,
And you have spoke it to a thousand.

Aur. Never,
Never to any; for, my soul is cut so
To the proportion of what you are,

That

That all the other beauty in the world,
That is not found within your face, seems vile!
Oh that I were a vail upon that face,
To hide it from the world; methinks I could
Envie the very Sun, for gazing on you!

Luc. I wonder, that a fellow of no worth,
Should talk thus liberally; be so impudent,
After so many slightings and abuses
Extorted from me, beyond modesty,
To press upon me still: have not I told you
My minde in words, plain to be understood,
How much I hate you? can I not enjoy
The freedom of my chamber, but you must
Stand in my prospect? if you please, I will
Resign up all, and leave you possession.
What can I suffer, or expect more grievous,
From the enforcement of an enemy?

Aur. Do not insult upon my sufferings;
I had well hop'd, I should receive some comfort
From the sweet influence of your words or looks;
But now must flye, and vanish like a cloud,
Chas'd with the wind, into the colder regions,
Where sad despair sits ever languishing;
There will I calculate my injuries,
Summ'd up with my deserts: then shall I finde
How you are wanting to all good and pitty,
And that you do but juggle with our sence;
That you appear gentle and smoothe as water,
When no wind breathes upon it; but indeed,
Are far more hard than rocks of Adamant:
That you are more inconstant than your Mistris,
Fortune, that guides you; that your promises
Are all deceitfull; and that wanton love,
Whom former Ages, flattering their vice,
And to procure more freedom for their sin,
Have term'd a god, laughs at your perjuries.

Luc. You will do this: why do so, ease your minde,

So I be free from you: there's no such torment,
As to be troubled with an insolent Lover
That will receive no answer; bonds and fetters,
Perpetuall imprisonment, are not like it:
'Tis worse, than to be seiz'd on with a Fever,
A continuall surfet. For Heavens sake, leave me,
And let me hear no more of you.

Aur. Is this the best rewards for all my hopes,
The dear expences of youth and service,
Spent in the execution of your follies?
When not a day or hour, but witness'd with me,
With what great study, and affected care,
More than of fame or honour, I invented
New waies to fit your humour; what observance,
As if you were the arbitresse of Courtship,
I sought to please you with: laid out for fashions,
And bought thē for you, feasted you with banquets,
Read you asleep i'th afternoon with Pamphlets,
Sent you Elixars and preservatives,
Paintings and powders, that would have restor'd
Old *Niobe* to youth; the beauty you pretend to,
Is all my gift: besides, I was so simple,
To wear your foolish colours, cry your wit up,
And judgment, when you had none, and swore to it;
Drank to your health, whole nights in Hippocrase,
Upon my knees, with more Religion,
Then e'r I said my prayers, which heaven forgive me.

Luc. Are these such miracles? 'twas but your duty,
The tributary homage, all men owe
Unto our sex: should we enjoyn you travell,
Or send you on an errand into *France*,
Onely to fetch a basket of Musk-mellons,
It were a favour for you: put the case,
And that I were *Hero*, and you *Leander*;
If I should bid you swim the Hellespont,
Only to know my minde, methinks you might
Be proud of the employment: were you a Puritan,

Did I command you wait me to a Play,
Or to the Church, though you had no religion,
You might not question it.

Aur. Pretty, very pretty!

Luc. And then, because I am familiar,
And daign, out of my nobleneſſe and bounty,
To grace your weak endeavours with the title
Of courteſie, to wave my Fan at you,
Or let you kiſſe my hand; muſt we ſtrait marry?
I may eſteem you in the ranck of ſervants,
To caſt off when I pleaſe, ne're for a husband.

Aur. If ever devill dam'd in a Womans tongue,
'Tis in thine; I am glad yet you tell me this,
I might have elſe proceeded, and gone on
In the lewd way of loving you, and ſo
Have wandred farther from my ſelf: but now
Ile ſtudy to be wiſer, and henceforth
Hate the whole gang of you, denounce a war,
Ne're to be reconcil'd, and rejoyce in it,
And count my ſelf bleſs'd for't, and wiſh all men
May do the like to ſhun you: for my part,
If when my brains are troubled, with late drinking,
I ſhall have elſe the grace, ſure, to forget you;
Then but my labouring fancie dream of you,
Ile ſtart affrighted at the viſion.

Luc. 'Las how pitifully it takes it to heart;
It would be angry too, if it knew how.

Aur. Come neer me, none of you; if I hear
The ſound of your approach, Ile ſtop my ears,
Nay Ile be angry, if I ſhall imagine
That any of you think of me: and for thy ſake,
If I but ſee the picture of a woman,
Ile hide my face, and break it: ſo farewell. *Exit Lucretia.*

Enter Lorenzo, Moccinigo, and Angelia.

Lor. What are you friend, and what's your buſineſſe?

Aur. What e're it be, now 'tis diſpatch'd.

Lor. This is rudeneſſe.

Aur.

Aur. The fitter for the place and persons then.
Lor. How's that?
Aur. You are a nest of savages, the house
Is more inhospitable than the quick sands:
Your daughter sits on that inchanted bay,
A Siren like, to entice passengers,
Who viewing her, through a false perspective,
Neglect the better traffick of their life:
But yet, the more they labour to come neer her,
The further she flies back; untill at last,
When she has brought them to some rock or shelf,
She proudly looks down on the rack of Lovers.
Lor. Why, who has injur'd you?
Aur. No matter who,
Ile first talk with a Sphinx, e're converse with you.
Lor. A word, expound your wrongs more to the ful,
If you expect a remedy.
Aur. Ile rather
Seek out diseases, choose my death, and pine,
Than stay to be cur'd by you. *Exit.*
Lor. If you be so obstinate, *Enter Æmilia and Lucretia.*
Take your course—— Why wife *Æmilia*,
Daughter *Lucretia*—— what's the matter here
With this same fellow, do you owe him money?
Luc. Owe him mony Sir? do's he look like one
That should lend mony? he is a Gentleman,
And they seldom credit any body.
Lor. Well wife,
Where was your Matrons wisdom, that should keep
A vigilant care upon your house and daughter;
And not have suffred her to be surpris'd
With every loose aspect, and gazing eye,
That suck in hot and lustfull motions?
You were best turn Bawd, and prostitute her beauty.
Æmil. You were best turn an old asse,
And meddle with your Bonds and Brokage.
Lor. What was his business?

Luc. To tell you true Sir, hee is one of those,
Whom love and fortune have conspir'd to fool,
And make the subject of a womans will;
His idle brain, being void of better reason,
Is fill'd with toyes and humours, and for want
Of other exercise, he takes great pains
For the expressing of his folly: sometimes
With starts and sighes, hung head, and foulded arms,
Sonnets and pittifull tunes; forgetting
All due respect unto himself, and friends,
With doting on a Mistris; she again
As little pitt'ying him, whose every frown
Strikes him as dead as fate, and makes him walk
The living monument of his owne sorrow.

Lor. I apprehend; he came a woing to thee,
'Tis so; and thou did'st scorn him girl, 'twas well do
I'le ease thee of that care, see I have brought
A husband to thy hand; look on him well,
A worthy man, and a Clarissimo.

Luc. A husband said, now *Venus* be propitious;
Hee lookes more like the remedie of love,
A Julip to coole it; she that could take fire
at such a dull flame, as his eyes, I should
Beleeve her more then touch-wood.

Moc. A ravishing feature,
If her condition answer but her feature;
I am fitted, her form answers my affection,
It arrides me exceedingly; I'le speake to her:
Fair Mistresse, what your father has propos'd,
In the fair way of contract, I stand ready
To ratifie, and let mee not seem lesse
In your esteeme, because I am so easie
In my consent; women love out of fancy,
Men from advise.

Luc. You doe not mean in earnest,
Now Cupid deliver mee.

Moc. How, not in earnest?

As I am strong and mighty in desires, you wrong mee to question it.
Luc. Good Sir, consider
The infinite distance that is between us
In age and manners.
Moc. No distance at all;
My age is youthfull, and your youth is aged.
Luc. But you are wise, and will you sell your freedom
Unto a female tyranny? in despair,
Ere to be quit, you run a strange adventure,
Without percieving what a certaine hazard,
A creature of my inclination
Is apt to draw you to. *Moc.* I cannot think it.
Luc. 'Tis strange you'l not believe mee, unlesse I lay
My imperfection open; I have a nature
Ambitious beyond thought, quite giv'n ouer
To entertainments and expence, no bravery
That's fashionable can escape mee; and then
Unlesse you are of a most setled temper,
Quiet without passion, I shall make you
Horn mad with jealousie.
Moc. Come, come, I know
Th'art vertuous, and speakest this but to try mee,
You will not be so adverse to your fortune,
And all obedience, to contradict
What your father has set down.
Luc. These are my faults
I cannot helpe, if you will be so good
As to dispence with them.
Moc. With all my heart; I forgive thee before thou offend'st.
Luc. Then I am mighty stubborn, and self-will'd.
And shall sometimes eene long to abuse you;
And for my tongue, 'tis like a stone thrown downe
Of an impetuous motion not to be still'd.
Moc. All these cannot dismay me, for considering
How they are passions proper to your Sex,
In a degree they are vertues.
Luc. Oh my fate,

He will not be terrify'd: then, not to feed you
With further hopes, or pump for more excuſes,
Take it in brief, though I am loath to ſpeak,
But you compell me to it; I cannot love you.
Lor. How do you ſpeed, Sir, is ſhe tractable,
Do you approve of her replies?
Moc. I know not,
Gueſſe you, ſhe ſaid ſhe cannot love me; and 'tis
The leaſt thing I ſhould have miſtruſted, I durſt
Have ſworn, ſhe would ne're have made ſcruple on't.
Lor. Not love you? come, ſhe muſt, and ſhall: do you hear, huſwife?
No more of this, as you affect my friendſhip.
What, ſhall I bring here a right worſhipfull Pretor
Unto my houſe, in hope you will be rul'd,
And you prove recreant to my commands?
By my vext ſoul, thou haſt done a deed were able
In the meer queſtioning of what I bid,
Were not I a pious and indulgent father,
To thruſt thee, as a ſtranger, from my blood.
Moc. Be not too raſh, Sir, women are not won
With force, but fair entreaty: have I been vers'd
Thus long i'th ſchool of love? know all their arts,
Their practiſes, their waies and ſubtilties,
In all my encounters ſtill return'd a victor,
And have not left a ſtratagem at laſt
To work on her affection? let me ſuffer.
Lor. Nay, and you have that confidence, Ile leave you.
Moc. Lady, a word in private with you. *Whiſper.*
Æmil. Pray ſweet heart,
What pretty youth is that?
Lor. Who, this ſame chicken?
He is the ſon of a great noble man,
And my eſpeciall friend; his father's gone
Into the country to ſurvey his lands,
And let new Leaſes, and left him in charge
With me, till his return.
Æmil. Now, as I live,

'Tis

'Tis a well favour'd lad, and his yeers promiſe
He ſhould have an ability to do,
And wit to conceal; when I take him ſingle,
Ile try his diſpoſition.

Moc. This for your ſake,
Ile undertake and execute.

Luc. For my ſake,
You ſhall not draw me to the fellowſhip
Of ſuch a ſin.

Moc. I know 'tis pleaſing to thee,
And therefore am reſolv'd.

Luc. I may prevent you.

Lor. What, are you reſolv'd?

Moc. We are ee'n at a point, Sir.

Lor. What's more to be done, let's in and conſider. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antiquary and Petro.

Ant. Well ſirrah, but that I have brought you up, I would caſhier you for theſe reproofs.

Pet. Good Sir conſider, 'tis no benefit to me, he is your Nephew that I ſpeak for, and 'tis charity to relieve him.

Ant. He is a yong knave, and that's crime enough; and we were old in any thing, though 'twere in iniquity, there were ſome reverence to be had of him.

Pet. Why Sir, though he be a yong knave, as you term him, yet he is your kinſman, and in diſtreſſe too.

Ant. Why Sir, and you know again, that 'tis an old cuſtome, which thing I will no way tranſgreſſe; for a rich man not to look upon any, his kinſman in diſtreſſe.

Pet. 'Tis an ill cuſtome, Sir, and 'twere good 'twere repeal'd.

Ant. I have ſomething elſe to look after, have you diſpos'd of thoſe reliques as I bade you?

Pet. Yes Sir.

Ant. Well, thou doſt not know the eſtimation of what thou haſt in keeping; the whole Indies, ſeeing they are but newly diſcovered, are not to be valued with them: the very duſt that cleaves to one of thoſe Monuments, is more worth than the oare of twenty Mines.

Pet. Yet by your favour Sir, of what uſe can they be to you?

Ant.

Ant. What uſe? did not the Seigniory build a ſtate chamber for Antiquities; and 'tis the beſt thing that e're they did, they are the Regiſters, the Chronicles of the age they were made in, and ſpeak the truth of Hiſtory, better than a hundred of your printed Commentaries.

Pet. Yet few are of your belief.

Ant. There's a box of coins within, moſt of them braſſe, yet each of them a Jewell, miraculouſly preſerv'd in ſpight of time or envie; and are of that rariety and excellence, that Saints might go a pilgrimage to them, and not be aſham'd.

Pet. Yet I ſay ſtill, what good can they do to you, more than to look on?

Ant. What good, thou brute? and thou wer't not worth a penny, the very ſhewing of them were able to maintain thee; let me ſee now, and you were put to it, how you could advance your voice in their commendation, begin.

Pet. All you Gentlemen, that are affected with rarities, ſuch, the world cannot produce the like, ſnatch'd from the jaws of time, and wonderfully collected by a ſtudious Antiquary; come neer, and admire.

Ant. Thou ſay'ſt right, the limbs of *Hippolitus* were never ſo diſpers'd.

Pet. Firſt, thoſe twelve pictures that you ſee there, are the portraitures of the *Sibels*, drawn 500 yeers ſince by *Titianus* of *Padua*, an excellent Painter, and Statuary.

Ant. Very well.

Pet. Then here is *Venus* all naked, and *Cupid* by her, on a Dolphin; both theſe were drawn by *Apelles* of Greece.

Ant. Proceed.

Pet. Then here is *Hercules* and *Anteus*, and that *Pallas* at length in Alablaſter, with her helmet and feathers; and that's *Jupiter*, with an Eagle at his back.

Ant. Exceeding well.

Pet. Then there's the great ſilver box that *Nero* kept his beard in.

Ant. Good again.

Pet. And after, decking it with pretious ſtones, did conſecrate it to the Capitoll.

Ant.

Ant. That's right.

Pet. And there hangs the Net that held *Mars* and his Mistris, while the whole bench of bawdy Deities, stood spectatours of their sport.

Ant. Admirable good.

Pet. Then here is *Marius* to the middle, and there *Cleopatra*, with a vail over her face; and next to her, *Marcus Antonius* the Triumvir; then he with half a nose is *Corvinus*, and he with ne'r a one is *Galba*.

Ant. Very sufficient.

Pet. Then here is *Vitellius*, and there *Titus* and *Vespasian*, these three were made by *Iacobus Sansovinus* the Florentine.

Ant. 'Tis enough.

Pet. Last of all, this is the Urne that did contain the ashes of the Emperors.

Ant. And each of these worth a Kings ransom——

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Duke. Save you, Sir.

Ant. You are welcome, Gentlemen.

Duke. I come, Sir, a sutor to you; I hear, you are possess'd of many various and excellent antiquities, and though I am a stranger, I would entreat your gentlenesse a favour.

Ant. What's that, Sir?

Duke. Onely that you would vouchsafe me, to be a spectatour of their curiosity and worth; which courtesie shall engage me yours for ever.

Ant. For their worth, I will not promise, 'tis as you please to esteem of them.

Leo. No doubt Sir, we shall ascribe what dignity belongs to them, and to you their preserver.

Ant. You speak nobly; and thus much let me tell you to your edifying, the fooliſh doting on these present novelties, is the cause why so many rare inventions have already perish'd; and which is pitty, Antiquity has not left so much as a footstep behinde her, more than of her vices.

Leo. 'Tis the more pitty, Sir.

Ant. Then, what raises such vanities amongst us, and sets phantastical fancies awork; what's the reason that so many fresh tricks, and new inventions of fashions, and diseases come daily over sea, and land

upon a man, that never durſt adventure to taſte ſalt water, but onely the neglect of thoſe uſefull inſtructions which Antiquity has ſet down.

Duke. You ſpeak oracles, Sir.

Ant. Look farther, and tell me what you finde better, or more honorable than age; is not wiſdom entail'd upon it? take the prehemineence of it in every thing, in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

Leo. All this is certain.

Ant. I confeſſe to you Gentlemen, I muſt reverence and prefer the precedent times before theſe, which conſum'd their wits in experiments; and 'twas a vertuous emulation amongſt them, that nothing which ſhould profit poſterity, ſhould periſh.

Leo. It argued a good fatherly providence.

Ant. It did ſo; there was *Liſippus*, that ſpent his whole life in the lineaments of one picture, which I will ſhew you anon; then was there *Endoxus* the Philoſopher, who grew old in the top of a mountain, to contemplate Aſtronomy, whoſe Manuſcript I have alſo by me.

Duke. Have you ſo, Sir?

Ant. I have that and many more; yet ſee the prepoſterous deſires of men in theſe daies, that account better of a maſſe of gold, than what ever *Apelles* or *Phidias* have invented.

Duke. That is their ignorance.

Ant. Well Gentlemen, becauſe I perceive you are ingenious, I would entreat you to walk in, where I will demonſtrate all, and proceed in my admonition. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelio and Lionell.

Lio. 'Tis well Sir, I am glad you are ſo ſoon got free from your bondage.

Aur. Yes, I thank my ſtars, I am now my own man again, I have ſlept out my drunken fit of Love, and am recovered; you that are my friends, rejoyce at my liberty.

Lio. Why, was it ſo painfull to you?

Aur. More tedious than a ſiege; I wonder what black leaf in the book of Fate, has decreed that miſery upon man, to be in love; it transforms him to a worſe monſter than e're Calipſo's cup did: a country Gentleman among Courtiers, or their wives among the Ladies, a Clown among Citizens, nay an Aſſe among Apes, is not half

ſo

ſo ridiculous as that makes us; oh that I could but come by it, how I would tear it, that never ſuch a witched paſſion ſhould ariſe in any human breſt again.

Lio. You are too violent in your hate; you ſhould never ſo fall out with a friend, as to admit no hope of reconcilement.

Aur. Ile firſt be at peace with a Serpent, mark me, if thou haſt care of thy time, thy health, thy fame, or thy wits, avoid it.

Lio. I muſt confeſſe, I have been a little vain that way, yet never ſo tranſported, but when I ſaw a hanſomer in place, I could leave the former, and cleave to the latter; I was ever conſtant to beauty.

Aur. Hold thee there ſtill, and if there be a neceſſity at any time, that thou muſt be mad, let it be a ſhort fury, and away; let not this paltry love hang too long upon the file, be not deluded with delayes, for if theſe ſhe-creatures have once the predominance, there ſhall be no way to torture thee, but they'l finde it out, and inflict it without mercie; they'l work on thy diſpoſition, and if thou haſt any good nature, they'l be ſure to abuſe thee extremely.

Lio. Speak you this in earneſt?

Aur. I know not what you call earneſt, but before Ile endure that life agen, Ile binde my ſelf to a Carrier, look out any employment whatever, ſpend my hours in ſeeing motions and Puppet plays, rook at Bowling-ally's, mould tales, and vent them at Ordinaries, carry begging Epiſtles, walk upon projects, tranſcribe Fidlers ditties.

Lio. Oh monſtrous!

Aur. But ſince I have taſted the ſweetneſſe of my freedom, thou doſt not know what quickneſſe and agility is infus'd into me, I feel not that weight was wont to clog me, where e're I went; I am all fire and ſpirit, as if I had been ſtript of my mortality: I hear not my thoughts whiſper to me as they were wont; ſuch a man is your rivall, there's an affront, call him to an account, redeem your Miſtris favour, preſent her with ſuch a gift, wait her at ſuch a place; none of theſe vanities.

Lio. You are happy, Sir.

Enter Duke, Petro and Leonardo.

Pet. Come gentles, follow me, Ile bring you to them, look you where they are.

Duke. Signior *Lionell*, I have trac'd much ground, to enquire for you.

Lio. I reſt engag'd to you for your laſt nights love, Sir.

Duke. And I for your good company: did you ever ſee ſuch a blinde ruinous tipling houſe, as we made ſhift to finde out?

Leo. I, and the people were as wretched in it; what a miſt of Tobacco flew amongſt them?

Lio. And what a deluge of Rheume?

Pet. If the houſe be ſo old as you ſpeak of, 'twere good you brought my Maſter into it, and then throw't a top of him, he would never deſire to be better buried.

Duke. Well ſaid, *Petro.*

Lio. Sir, if it be no trouble to you, I would entreat you know my worthy friend here.

Duke. You ſhall make me happy in any worthy acquaintance.

Pet. Well Signior *Lionell,* you are beholding to theſe Gentlemen, for their good words unto your Uncles for you, they ſpoke in your behalf, as earneſtly, as e're did Lawyer for his Client.

Lio. And what was the iſſue?

Pet. He is hide-bound, he will part with nothing; there is an old rivell'd purſe hangs at his ſide, has not been loos'd theſe twenty yeers, and I think, will ſo continue.

Lio. Why, will his charity ſt etch to nothing, *Petro*?

Pet. Yes, he has ſent you ſomething.

Lio. What is't?

Pet. A piece of Antiquity. Sir; 'tis Engliſh coyn; and if you will needs know, 'tis an old Harry groat.

Lio. Thank him heartily.

Pet. And 'tis the firſt, he ſayes, that e're was made of them, and in his eſteem, is worth three double Ducats newly ſtampt.

Lio. His folly may put what price he pleaſe upon it, but to me 'tis no more than the value, *Petro.*

Pet. He ſayes moreover, that it may ſtand you in ſome uſe and pleaſure hereafter, when you grow ancient; for it is worn ſo thin with often handling, it may ſerve you for a Spectacle.

Lio. Very well.

Duke. I were a good deed to conſpire againſt him, he has a humour eaſie to be wrought on, and if you'l undertake him, wee'l aſſiſt you in the performance.

Lion.

Lio. With all my heart, Gentlemen, and I thank you.
Duke. Let us defer it no longer then, but instantly about it.
Lio. A match, leade on, good wit and fortune guide us. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Bravo and Boy.

Bra. BOy, how sits my Rapier?
Boy. Close Sir, like a friend that meant to stick to you.
Bra. He that will purchase honour, and the name of *Brave*, must by consequence be a brave fellow, his titles requires it.
Boy. But pray Sir, were you never put to the worst in your daies?
Bra. Who, I worsted? no Boy; I do manage my Rapier with as much steddinesse and facility, as a Vincor do's his Antler.
Boy. Sure you must needs be very strong then.
Bra. Not so neither, 'tis courage in me, I do it by a slight, an activity, and by that I can controll any mans point whatsoever.
Boy. Is't possible?
Bra. I tell thee, Boy, I do as much surpasse *Hercules* at my Rapier, as he did me in Club-fighting: have you drawn a Register of those men, that have been forc'd by this weak instrument, to lay down their lives, I think it has cut more lives than *Atropos*.
Boy. But pray Sir, were they all your own exploits?
Bra. Indeed Boy, thou maist question it; for, and they were to perform again, they would hardly be done: what will this age come to? where be those stirring humors, that were wont to trouble the world? peace, I think, will o'respread them all like a gangrene, and men will never dye with a Lethargy: there's no malice extant, no jealousies, no employment to set wickednesse a work; 'tis never a dead time with me, but when there's no body to kill.
Boy. That's a miserable extremity, indeed Sir.
Bra. Leave me, Boy, to my meditations —— *Exit Boy.*

Enter Moccinigo.

Well, go thy waies, old *Nick Machivell*, there will never be the

peer of thee, for wholsom policie and good counsell, thou took'st pains to chalk men out the dark paths and hidden plots of murther and deceit, and no man has the grace to follow thee; the age is unthankfull, thy principles are quite forsaken, and worn out of memory.

Moc. There's a fellow walks melancholy, and that's commonly a passion apt to entertain any mischief, discontent and honesty seldom harbour together; how scurvily he looks, like one of the devils factors; Ile tempt him: by your leave Sir.

Bra. Ha?

Moc. No hurt, good Sir, be not so furious, I beseech you.

Bra, What are you?

Moc. I am bold to disturb you, and would fain communicate a businesse, if you had the patience to hear me.

Bra. Speak, what is't?

Moc. You seem a man, upon whom Fortune perhaps has not cast so favourable an aspect, as you deserve.

Bra. Can you win her to look better?

Moc. Though not her, yet perhaps a servant of hers, that shall be as gratious to you, and as profitable.

Bra. What's she?

Moc. It may be you want mony, there is a way to purchase it, if you have the heart.

Bra. The heart! hast thou the heart to speak, nay to conceive what I dare not undertake?

Moc. A fit instrument for my purpose, how luckily has Fortune brought me to him? do you hear Sir, 'tis but the slight killing of a man, or so, no more.

Bra. Is that all?

Moc. Is that nothing?

Bra. Some queasie stomack might turn, perhaps, at such a motion; but I am more resolv'd, better harden'd: what is he? for I have my severall rates, salaries for blood; for a Lord, so much; for a Knight, so much; a Gentleman, so much; a Peasant, so much; a Stranger, so much; and a Native, so much.

Moc. Nay, he is a Gentleman, and a Citizen of *Venice*.

Bra. Let him be what he will, and we can agree; it has been a fooliſh ambition heretofore, to save them, and men were rewarded for it with

Gar-

Garlands; but I had rather destroy one or two of them, they multiply too fast.

Moc. Do you know one Signior *Aurelio* then? he is the man, he woo'd my Mistris, and sought to win her from me.

Bra. A warrantable cause; shew me the man, and 'tis enough.

Moc. And what must I give you?

Bra. At a word, 30 Liures, Ile not bate you a Betso.

Moc. Ile give you twenty.

Bra. You bid like a chapman: well, 'tis a hard time; in hope of your custome hereafter, Ile take your mony.

Moc. There 'tis; now for the means, how can you compasse it? were you not best poison him, think you?

Bra. With a Bullet or Stilletto, poison him? I scorn to do things so poorly; no, Ile use valour in my villany, or Ile do nothing.

Moc. You speak honorably, and now I think on't, what if you beat him welfavour'dly, and spar'd his life?

Bra. Beat him? stay there, Ile kill him for this sum, but Ile not beat him for thrice the value; so he might do as much for me: no, Ile leave him impotent for all thought of revenge.

Enter Lucretia.

Moc. Well Sir, use your pleasure—— Look you, here's the Gentlewoman, for whose sake it is done—— Lady, you are come most opportunely, to be a witnesse of my love and zeal to you; he is the man that will do the feat.

Luc. What feat?

Moc. That you and I consulted of, kill the rascall *Aurelio*, take him out of the way; what should he live any longer for? Ile have no man breathe, that you disgust.

Luc. Then ought you to go and hang your self.

Moc. Who, I hang my self, for what? my good service, and respect of your quiet? if he have any minde to haunt your chamber hereafter, he shall do it as a ghost, without any substantiall shape, I assure you.

Luc. I think the fool be in earnest, I must use policie, and not play away a mans life so; nay prethee sweet-heart be not angry, 'twas but to try thee: this kisse, and my love.

Moc. Why, here's some amends yet, now 'tis as it should be.

Luc. I am as deep, and eager in this purpose,
As you are, therefore grant me leave, a little,
To talk with him; I have some private counsell
To give him, for the better execution.

Moc. May I not hear?

Luc. No, as you love me, go.

Moc. Her humour must be law; we that are sutors,
Must deal with women, as with towns besieg'd,
Offer them fair conditions, till you get them,
And then wee'l tyrannize: yet ther's a doubt,
Is not resolv'd on.

Luc. Good Sir, be gone. (Mistris?

Moc. I vanish: were I best trust this fellow with my
Temptations may arise; 'tis all one, I am
A right Italian, and the world shall see,
That my revenge is above jealousie. *Exit.*

Bra. Now Lady, your pleasure?

Luc. I would not allow my self any conference with you, did my reason perswade me, that you were as bad as you seem to be: pray what are you?

Bra. I am, sweet creature, a kinde of lawlesse Justicer, or usurping Martialist of authority, that will kill any man with my safety.

Luc. And you purpose the death of this Gentleman?

Bra. I will do any thing for hire.

Luc. Have you no conscience?

Bra. Conscience! I know what it is: why should any man live, and I want mony?

Luc. Have you no regard then of innocence?

Bra. 'Tis crime enough, he has a life.

Luc. How long have you been vers'd in this trade?

Bra. 'Tis my vocation.

Luc. Leave it, 'tis damnable;
And thou, the worst and basest of all villains,
It had been better for the womb that bare thee,
If it had travell'd with a pestilence:
What seed of Tygers could beget thee to
Such bold and rash attempts? for a small lucre,

Which

Which will be ſtrait as ill ſpent as 'twas got,
To deſtroy that, whoſe eſſence is divine;
Soules in themſelves more pure than are the heavens,
Or thy ill boding ſtarres; more worth than all
The treaſure lock'd up in the heart of earth,
And yet doe this unmov'd or unprovok'd.

Bra. I have no other means, nor way of living.

Luc. 'Twere better periſh, then be ſo ſupported,
There are a thouſand courſes to ſubſiſt by.

Bra. I; but a free and daring ſpirit ſcornes
To ſtoope to ſervile waies, but will chooſe rather
To purchaſe his revenew from his ſword.

Luc. I ſee you are grown obdurate in your crimes,
Founded to vice, loſt to all pietie;
Without the apprehenſion of what wrong
You do your Countrey, in depriving her
Of thoſe ſhe now enjoys, as uſefull members,
But killing their poſterity, who perhaps
Might with their art or induſtry advance her.

Bra. What courteous itch, I wonder, has poſſeſt
Your vertuous Ladyſhip to give mee advice?
Beſt keep your wits, untill you get a husband,
Who may perhaps require your learned counſell.

Luc. 'Tis true, ſuch as do act thy villanies,
Hate to be told, or think of them; but hear mee,
Haſt thou no ſence? nor no remorſe of ſoul?
No thought of any Deity, who though
It ſpare thee for a while, will ſend at laſt
A quick return of vengeance on thy head,
And dart thee down like *Phaeton.*

Bra. Sweet virgin,
Faces about to ſome other diſcourſe,
I cannot reliſh this.

Luc. So I believe, but yet,
Compoſe your thoughts for ſpeedy penitence,
Your life for an amendment, or I vow,
To lay your actions open to the Senate.

Bra. Did not your ſweet heart tempt me to this deed,
And will you now betray mee?

Luc. Hee my ſweet heart,
I hate you both alike; that very word
Is enough to divorce thee from my pitty,
Paſt hope of reconcilement; for what mercy
Is to be had of two ſuch prodegies;
Will you recant yet? ſpeak, will you be honeſt.

Bra. I think you'l force me to become your patient

Luc. It is the way to heal thee of a ſore
Whoſe cure is ſupernaturall; what art,
What mirror is ſufficient to demonſtrate
The foulneſſe of the guilt? whoſe leaprous mind
Is but one ſtaine, ſeas cannot cleanſe? why, murder
'Tis of all vices the moſt contrary
To every vertue, and humanity;
For they interd the pleaſure and delight,
But this the diſſolution of nature.

Bra. She does begin to move mee.

Luc. Think of thy ſinne,
It is the end apparent unto hell,
And has ſo many, and ſo ugly ſhapes,
His father *Pluto*, and the furies hate
To look on their owne birth, yet thou darſt act
What they fear to ſuggeſt, and ſell thy ſoul
To quick perdition.

Bra. This has wak'd mee more,
Into a quicker inſight of my evills,
That have empal'd mee round with horrid ſhapes;
More various, than the ſev'rall formes of dreams
That wait on *Morpheus* in his ſleepy den.

Luc. Then 'tis a fearfull ſinne, and alwaies labours
With the new birth of damn'd inventions
And horrid practiſes; for 'tis ſo fearfull,
It dares not walk alone, and where it bodes,
There is no reſt, nor no ſecurity,
But a perpetuall tempeſt of deſpair.

Bra. All this I feel by sad experience,
Where have I been, where have I liv'd a stranger,
Exil'd from all good thoughts? never till now
Did any beam of grace, or good, shine on me.
Luc. Besides, 'tis so abhorr'd of all that's good,
That when this monster lifts his cursed head
Above the earth, and wraps it in the clouds,
The Sun flyes back, as loath to stain his rayes
With such a foul pollution; and night,
In emulation of so black a deed,
Puts on her darkest robe to cover it.
Bra. Oh do not grate too much upon my suffrings,
You have won upon my conscience, and I feel
A sting within me, tels my troubled soul,
That I have trod too long those bloody paths
That leade unto destruction.
Luc. Then be sorry,
And with repentance purge away thy sin.
Bra. Wil all my daies & hours, consum'd in prayers,
My eyes dissolv'd to tears, wash off such crimes?
Luc. If they be serious, and continued.
Bra. You are a virgin, and your vows are chaste,
Do you assist me.
Luc. So you'l do the like
For me in what I shall propose.
Bra. I will,
And joy to be employ'd, there's no thought
Which can proceed from you, but which is vertuous:
And 'tis a comfort, and a kinde of goodnesse,
To mix with you in any action.
Luc. Nay more, in recompence of your fair proffer,
Because you say, you are destitute of means,
Ile see that want supply'd.
Bra. Divinest Lady,
Command my service.
Luc. Walk then in with me,
And then I wil acquaint you with the project. *Exeunt*

Enter Duke, Lionell, and Leonardo, Petrutio following.

Duke. I see him coming, let's fall into admiration of his good parts, that he may overhear his own praise.

Lio. I have, methinks, a longing desire to meet with Signior *Petrutio.*

Pet. I hear my selfnam'd amongst them; 'tis no point of civility, to listen what opinion the world holds of me, I shall conceive it by their discourse, a man behinde his back, shall be sure to have nothing but truth spoke of him.

Leon. Pray Sir, when saw you that thrice noble and accomplish'd Gentleman, *Petrutio.*

Pet. Thrice noble, and accomplish'd! there's a new style thrust upon me.

Duke. It pleas'd the indulgencie of my fate, to blesse me with his company this morning, where he himself was no lesse favourable to grace me with the perusall of a Madrigall, or an essay of Beauty, which he had then newly compos'd.

Lio. Well Gallants, either my understanding misinforms me, or he is one of the most rare and noble qualified peece of Gentility, that ever did inrich our Climate.

Leo. Beleeve it Sir, 'twere a kinde of prophanation, to make doubt of the contrary.

Pet. How happy am I in such acquaintance? a man shall have his due, when your meaner society has neither judgment to discern worth, nor credit to commend it.

Duke. 'Twas my happinesse, th'other day, to be in the presence with certain Ladies, where I heard him the most extoll'd and approv'd; one of them was not asham'd to pronounce it openly, that she would never desire more of heaven, than to enjoy such a man for her servant.

Pet. It shall be my next employment, to enquire out for that Lady.

Lion. 'Tis a miracle to me, how, in so small a competencie of time, he should arrive to such an absolute plenitude of perfection.

Lion. No wonder at all, a man that has travell'd, and been carefull of his time.

Leon. But by your favour, Sir, 'tis not every mans happinesse, to make so good use on't.

Duke. Ile resolve you something, there is as great a mystery in the acquisition of knowledge, as of wealth; have you not a Citizen will

grow

grow rich in a moment, and why not he ingenious, beſides who knows but he might have digg'd for it, and ſo found out ſome conceal'd treaſure of underſtanding.

Pet. Now, as I am truly noble, 'tis a wrongfull imputation upon me.

Leon. Well, if he had but bounty annex'd to his other ſufficiencies, he were unparallell'd.

Duke. Nay, ther's no man in the earth more liberall, take it upon my word, he has not that thing in the world ſo deer or pretious in his eſteem, which he will not moſt willingly part with, upon the leaſt ſummons of his friend.

Pet. Now muſt I give away ſome two or three hundred pounds worth of toy's, to maintain this aſſertion.

Lion. You ſpoke of verſes even now, if you have the copy, pray vouchſafe us a ſight of them.

Duke. I cannot ſuddenly reſolve you; yes, here they are.

Lion. What's this?

A Madrigall of Beauty.

If I ſhould praiſe her vertue and her beauty,
as 'tis my Duty;
And tell how every grace doth her become:
'tis ten to one,
But I ſhould fail in the expreſſion.

Leon. I marry Sir, this ſounds ſomething like excellent.

Lion. *Then, by your leave,*
Although I cannot write what I conceive;
'tis my deſire,
That what I fail to ſpeak, you would admire.

Leon. Why this has ſome taſte in't, how ſhould he arrive to this admirable invention?

Duke. Are you ſo prepoſterous in your opinion, to think that Wit and Elegancie, in writing, are onely confin'd to Stagers and Book-worms? 'twere a Soleciſme, to imagine, that a yong bravery, who lives in the perpetuall ſphær of humanity, where every waiting woman ſpeaks perfect Arcadia, and the Ladies lips diſtill with the very quinteſſence of Conceit, ſhould be ſo barren of apprehenſion, as not to participate of their vertues.

Leo. Now I consider, they are great helps to a man.

Duke. But when he has travell'd and delibated, the French and the Spanish can lye a bed, and expound Astrea, and digest him into complements; and when he is up, accost his Mistris with what he had read in the morning, that if such a one should rack up his imagination, and give wings to his muse, 'tis credible, he should more catch your delicate Court ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters, lamp-wasters of them all.

Leo. Well, I say the iniquity of Fortune appears in nothing more, than not advancing that man to some extraordinary honors.

Lio. But I never thought he had any *genius* that way.

Duke. What, because he has been backward to produce his good qualities? beleeve it, Poetry will out, it can no more be hid, than fire or love.

Pet. Ile break them off, they have ee'n spoken enough in my behalf for nothing, a conscience; save you Cavaliro's.

Duke. My much honour'd *Petrutio*, you are welcome; we were now entred into a discourse of your worth, whether do your occasions enforce you so fast?

Pet. Gentlemen, to tell you true, I am going upon some raptures.

Leo. Upon raptures, say you?

Pet. Yes, my employment is tripartite, I have here an Anagram to a Lady, I made of her name this morning; with a Posie to another, that must be inserted into a ring: and here's a paper carries a secret word too, that must be given, and worn by a Knight and Tilter; and all my own imaginations, as I hope to be bless'd.

Lio. Is't possible? how, have you lately drunk of the horse-pond, or slept on the forked *Parnassus*, that you start out so sudden a Poet?

Pet. Tut, I leave your *Helicons*, and your pale *Pyrens*, to such as will look after them; for my own part, I follow the instigation of my brain, and scorn other helps.

Lio. Do you so?

Pet. Ile justifie it, the multiplicity of Learning do's but distract a man; I am all for your Modern humours, and when I list to expresse a passion, it flows from me with that spring of amorous conceits, that a true Lover may hang his head over, and reade in it, the very Phisnomy of his affection.

Duke.

Duke. Why this is a rare mirrour.

Leo. 'Tis so indeed, and beyond all the art of Opticks.

Pet. And when my head labours with the pangs of delivery, by chance, up comes a Countesses waiting-woman, at whose sight, as at the remembrance of a Mistris, my pen fals out of my hand; and then do I reade to her half a dozen lines, whereat we both sit together, and melt into tears.

Leo. Pitifull hearted, carted creatures.

Pet. I am now about a device, that this Gentleman has promis'd shall be presented before his Highnesse.

Duke. Yes, upon my word Sir, and your self with it.

Pet. Shall the Duke take notice of me too? oh Heavens, how you transport me with the thought on't?

Duke. Ile bring you to him, beleeve me, and you know not what grace he may do you.

Pet. 'Tis a happinesse beyond mortals: I cannot tell, it may be my good fortune to advance you all.

Lio. We shall be glad to have dependance on you.

Pet. Gentles I would entreat you a courtesie.

Duke. What's that Signior?

Pet. That you would all be pleas'd to grace my lodging to morrow at a Banquet, there will be Ladies and Gallants; and among the rest, Ile send to invite your Uncle the Antiquary, and wee'l be very merry, I assure you.

Leo. Well Sir, your bounty commands us not to fail you.

Pet. Bounty! there's a Memorandum for me; in the mean time, pray accept these few favours at my hands, as assurances that you will not fail me; till when, I take my leave. *Exit.*

Lio. Farewell Sir, go thy waies, thou hast ee'n as dull a piece of scalp, as e're covered the brain of any traveller.

Duke. For loves sake, *Lioncll*, let's haste to thy Uncle, before the coxcomb prevent us.

Lio. Why Sir, I stay for you.

Leo. Has *Petro* prepar'd him for your entrance? and is your disguise fit?

Lio. I have all in a readinesse.

Duke. On then, and when you are warm in your discourse, wee'l

come

come with our device to affright him: 'twill be an excellent scene of affliction.

Leon. Be sure you mark your Cue, Sir, and do not fail to approach.

Duke. Trust to my care, I warrant you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelio and Servant.

Aur. A Gentlewoman without speak with me, say you?

Ser. Yes Sir, and will by no means be put back.

Aur. I am no Lawyer, nor no Secretary: what business can she have here, I wonder?

Ser. She is very importunate to enter.

Aur. I was once in the humour, never to admit any of them to come neer me again; but since she is so eager, let her approach: Ile try my strength, what proof 'tis against her enchantments; if ever *Vlisses* were more provident, or better arm'd to sail by the Sirens, Ile perish if she have the art to impose upon me, let her beg my wit for an Anatomy, and dissect it—— *Enter Lucretia.*

Now Lady *Humour*, what new motion in the blood has turn'd the tide of your fancie, to come hither?

Luc. These words are but unkinde salutes to a Gentlewoman.

Aur. They are too good for you, with what face dare you approach hither, knowing how infinitly you have abus'd me? you want matter to exercise your wits on, the world's too wise for you, and e're you insnare me again, you have good luck.

Luc. Pray Sir, do not reiterate those things which might better be forgotten; I confesse I have done ill, because I am a woman, and yong, and 'twill be nobleness in you, not to remember it.

Aur. Ile sooner plow up shore and sow it, and live in expectation of a crop, before Ile think the least good from any of your sex, while I breathe again.

Luc. I hope, Sir, that time and experience will rectifie your judgment, to a better opinion of us.

Aur. Ile trust my ship to a storm, my substance to a broken Citizen, e're Ile credit any of you.

Luc. Good Sir, be intreated, I come a penitent Lover, with a vow'd Recantation to all former practices, and malicious endeavours, that I have wrought against you.

Aur. How can I think better of you, when I consider your nature,

your pride, your treachery, your covetousnesse, your lust; and how you commit perjury, easier than speak.

Luc. Sure 'tis no desert in us, but your own misguided thoughts, that move in you this passion.

Aur. Indeed, time was, I thought you pretty foolish things to play withall; and was so blinded, as to imagine, that your hearts were golden threds, that your eyes darted forth beams, that laughter sate smiling on your lips, and the Currall it self look'd pale to them; that you mov'd like a goddesse, and diffus'd your pleasures wide as the ayr: then could I prevent the rising Sun to wait on you, observ'd every nod you cast forth, had the patience to hear your discourse, and admir'd you, when you talk'd of your visits, of the Court, of Counsels, of Nobility, and of your Ancestors.

Luc. And were not these pleasing to you?

Aur. Nothing but a heap of tortures: but since I have learn'd the Delphick Oracle, to know my self, and ponder what a deal of mischief you work, I am content to live private and solitary, without any pensive thought, what you do, or what shall become of you.

Luc. Sir, if you calculate all occasions, I have not merited this neglect from you.

Aur. Yes, and more; do you not remember what tasks you were wont to put me to, and expences? when I bestow'd on you gowns and petticoats, and you in exchange, gave me bracelets and shoe-ties? how you fool'd me sometimes, and set me to pin pleats in your Ruff, two hours together, and made a waiting frippery of me? how you rack'd my brain, to compose verses for you, a thing I could never abide? nay, in my conscience, and I had not took courage, you had brought me to spin, and beat me with your slippers.

Luc. Well Sir, I perceive you are resolv'd to hear no reason; but before my sorrowfull departure, know, she that you slight, is the preserver of your life; therefore I dare be bold to call you Ingrate, and in that I have spoke all that can be ill in man.

Aur. Pray stay, come back a little.

Luc. Not till you are better temper'd: what I have reveal'd, is true; and though you prove unthankfull, good deeds reward themselves, the conscience of the fact shall pay my vertue; so I leave you. *Exit.*

Aur. That I should owe my life to her! which way, I wonder?

something depends on this, I must win out, well I will not forswear it, but the toy may take me in the head, and I may see her. *Exit.*

Enter Antiquary and Petro.

Ant. Has he such rare things say you?

Pet. Yes Sir, I beleeve you have not seen the like of them, they are a couple of old Manuscripts, found in a wall, and stor'd up with the foundation, it may be they are the writings of some Propheteſſe.

Ant. What moves you to think so *Petro*?

Pet. Because Sir the characters are so imperfect, for time has eaten out the letters, and the dust makes a parenthesis betwixt every syllable.

Ant. A shrewd convincing argument; this fellow has a notable reach with him, goe, bid him enter, a hundred to one some fool has them in possession, that knows not their value, it may be a man may purchase them for little or nothing——

Enter Lionell like a Scholar with two books.

Come neer friend, let me see what you have there; umh, 'tis as I said, they are of the old Roman binding, what's the price of these?

Lio. I would be loath Sir, to sell them under rate, onely to merit laughter for my rashnesse, therefore I thought good to bestow them on you, and referre my self to your wisdome and free nature for my satisfaction.

Ant. You say well, then am I bound again in conscience to deal justly with you, will five hundred Crowns content you?

Lio. Ile demaund no more Sir.

Ant. *Petro* see them deliver'd; now I need not fear to tell you what they are: this is a book *de Republica*, 'tis *Marcus Tullius Cicero's* own hand writing, I have some other books of his penning, give me assurance of it.

Pet. And what's the other Sir?

Ant. This other is a book of Mathematicks that was long lost in darknesse, and afterwards restor'd by *Ptolomy*.

Lio. I wonder Sir, unlesse you were times secretary, how you should arive to this intelligence.

Ant. I know it by more then inspiration, you had them out of a wall you say.

Lio. Yes Sir.

Ant.

Ant. Well then, how ever you came by them, they were first brought to *Venice* by Cardinall *Girmannus* a Patriarck, and were digg'd out of the ruins of Aquileya, after it was sack'd by *Attila* King of the Hunnes.

Lio. This to me is wonderfull.

Ant. *Petro*, I mean to retire, and give my self wholly to contemplation of these studies; and because nothing shall hinder me, I mean to lease out my Lands, and live confin'd; enquire me out a chapman that will take them of me.

Lio. If you please to let them, Sir, I will help you to a tenant.

Ant. Will you, Sir? with all my heart, and lle afford him the better bargain for your sake.

Pet. He may pay the rent with counters, and make him beleeve they are Antiquities.

Ant. What's the yeerly rent of them, *Petro*?

Pet. They have been rack'd, Sir, to three thousand crowns, but the old rent was never above fifteen hundred.

Ant. Go too, you have said enough, lle have no more than the old rent; name your man, and the Indentures shall be drawn.

Lio. Before I propose that Sir, I thought good to acquaint you with a speciality I found among other writings, which having a seal to it, and a name subscrib'd, do's most properly belong to you.

Ant. Let me see it; what's here, Signior *Iovanno Veterano, de Monte Nigro*, he was my great Grandfather, and this is an old debt of his, that remains yet uncancell'd; you could never have pleas'd me better to my cost, this ought in conscience to be discharg'd, and lle see it satisfied, the first thing I do; come along.

Pet. Will you afford your Nephew, no exhibition out of your estate, Sir?

Ant. Not a Sol, not a Gazet, I have Articles to propose before the Senate, shall disinherit him?

Lio. Have you Sir? not justly, I hope; pray what are they?

Ant. One of them is, he sent me Letters beyond sea, dated *Stilo Novo.*

Lio. That was a great oversight.

Ant. Then you remember, *Petro*, he took up commodities, new fashion'd stuffs, when he was under age too, that he might cozen his creditors. *Pet.* Yes Sir.

Ant. And afterwards found out a new way to pay them too.

Lio. He ſerv'd them but in their kind Sir, perhaps they meant to have cheated him,

Ant. 'Tis all one, I'le have no ſuch practiſes; but the worſt of all, one time when I found him drunk, and chid him for his vice, he had no way to excuſe himſelf, but to ſay he would become a new man.

Lio. That was hainouſly ſpoken indeed.

Ant. Theſe are ſufficient aggravations to any one that ſhall underſtand my honour. *Enter Duke and Leonardo.*

Duke. Save you Sir.

Ant. Theſe Gentlemen ſhall be witneſſes to the bonds, you are very

Duk. I hardly beleeve it, when you heare our meſſage. (welcome.

Ant. Why? I beſeech you.

Duke. I am ſorry to be made the unkind inſtrument to wrong you, but ſince 'tis a task impos'd from ſo great a command, I hope you will the eaſier be induc'd to diſpence with me.

Ant. Come neerer to your aime, I underſtand you not.

Duke. Then thus Sir, the Duke has been inform'd of your rarities, and holding them an unfit treaſure for a private man to poſſeſſe, he hath ſent his mandamus to take them from you. See, heer's his hand for the delivery.

Ant. Oh, oh.

Leo. What ailes you Sir?

Ant. I am ſtruck with a ſodain ſickneſſe, ſome good man help to keep my ſoul in that is ruſhing from me, and will by no means be intreated to continue.

Lio. Pray Sir be comforted.

Ant. Comfort; no, I deſpiſe it, he has given me daggers to my heart.

Leo. Shew your ſelf a man Sir, and contemn the worſt of fortune.

Ant. Good Sir, could not you have invented a leſſe ſtudied way of torture to take away my life?

Duke. I hope 'twill not work ſo deeply with you.

Ant. Nay, and 'twould ſtop there, twere well, but 'tis a puniſhment will follow me after death and afflict me worſe than a fury.

Leo. I much pitty the Gentlemans caſe.

Ant. Think what 'tis to looſe a ſon, when you have brought him up, or after a ſeven yeers voyage, to ſee your ſhip ſunck in the harbour.

Duke. 'Twere a wofull ſpectacle indeed.

Ant. They are but ticklings to this, I have been all my life a gathering what I must now lose in a moment; the sacking of a city, is nothing to be compar'd with it.

Leon. And that's lamentable.

Ant. 'Twill but onely give you a light to conceive of my misery.

Lion. Pray Sir, be not importunate to take them this time, but try rather, if by any means you can revoke the Decree.

Duke. 'Twill be somewhat dangerous, but for your sake, Ile try.

Ant. Shall I hope any comfort? and upon my credit, Gentlemen, Ile appoint you all mine heirs, so soon as I am dead.

Duke. You speak nobly.

Ant. Nay, and because you shall not long gape after it, Ile dye within a moneth, and set you down all joynt Executors.

Lion. But when you are freed from the terrour of his imposition, will you not recant?

Ant. Nay, and you doubt me, walk along, and Ile confirm't upon you instantly. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Æmilia, and Angelia.

Æmil. WHy, gentle Boy, think what a happy blisse
Thou shalt enjoy, before thou know'st what 'tis.

Ang. 'Twill be a dear experiment, to waste
My prime, and flower of youth, and suffer all
Those liquid sweets to be extracted from me,
By the hot influence of consuming lust:
Onely to finde, how well you can expresse
What skilfull arts are hid in wickednesse.

Æm. Thou dream'st, fond Boy, those sweets of youth and beauty,
Were lent, to be employ'd upon their like;
And when they both do meet, and are extinguish'd,
From their mixt heat, a rich perfume shall rise,
And burn to love, a gratefull sacrifice.

Ang. But Ile not be ſo prodigall, to laviſh
Such gifts away, that be irrevocable,
And yet the firſt that leave us.
Æm. I will be ne're exacted,
How ſoon you have beſtow'd them, but how well:
What good or profit can a hidden treaſure
Do more, than feed the miſers greedy eye?
When, if 'twere well beſtow'd, it might enrich
The owner, and the uſer of it; ſuch
Is youth, and Natures bounty, that receive
A gain from the expence: but, were there none
But a meer damage, yet the pleaſure of it,
And the delight, would recompence the loſſe.
Ang. What e're the pleaſure be, or the delight,
I am too yong, not plum'd for ſuch a flight.
Æm. Too yong! a poor excuſe; alas, your will
Is weaker than your power: no one can be
Too yong to learn good arts; and for my part,
I am not taken with a boyſterous ſinew,
A brawny limb, or back of *Hercules*;
But with a ſoft delicious beauty; ſuch
As people, looking on his doubtfull ſex,
Might think him male or female.
Ang. I cannot blame
Theſe juſt Italians, to lock up their wives,
That are ſo free and diſſolute; they labour,
Not with their country's heat, more than their own.
Will you be ſatisfi'd? I am too yong.
Æm. Too yong, I like you the better; there is a price
Due to the early Cherry: the firſt Apples
Deſerve more grace; the budding roſe is ſet by;
But ſtale, and fully blown, is left for vulgars
To rub their ſweaty fingers on. Too yong!
As well you may affirm the tender tree
Too yong to graft upon, or you may ſay,
The riſing Sun's too yong to court the day.
Ang. But there are bonds, *Hymen* has laid upon you,

Keep us asunder.

Æm. Those are onely toyes,
Shadows, meer apparitions of doubt
To affright children: do but yield unto me,
My arms shall be thy sphær to wander in,
Circled about with spels to charm these fears;
And when thou sleep'st, *Cupid* shall crown thy slum-
With thousand shapes of lustfull dalliance, (bers
Then will I bathe thee in Ambrosia,
And from my lips distill such Nectar on thee,
Shall make thy flesh immortall.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now wife, is this your exercise?
Wife did I say? stain of my blood and issue,
The great Antipathy unto my nature,
Courting your Paramour; death to my honour,
What have I seen and heard? curse of my fate!
Would I had first been deaf, or thou struck dumb,
Before this Gorgon, this damn'd vision
Have numm'd my faculties.

Æm. What have you seen
Or heard, more than a Dialogue I read
This morning in a book?

Lor. Would thou and that book
Were both burnt for Hereticks; you geniall powers,
Why did you send this serpent to my bosome,
To pierce me through with greater cruelty,
Than *Cleopatra* felt from stings of Adders?
Hence from my sight, thou venom to my eyes,
Would I could look thee dead, or with a frown,
Dissect thee into Atomes, and then hurl them
About the world, to cast infection,
And blister all they light on.

Æm. You are mad, and rave without a cause.

Lor. Oh heavens! she means
To justifie her sin; canst thou redeem
Thy lost fame, and my wrongs?

Æmil.

Æmil. No Sir, Ile leave you,
You are too passionate. *Exit.*

Ang. Pray Sir be satisfi'd, we meant no hurt.

Lor. What charm held back my hand, I did not let
Her foul blood out? then throw't into the air,
Whence it might mount up to the higher region,
And there convert into some fearfull Meteor,
To threaten all her kindred. Stay, sweet childe,
For thou art vertuous, yet go however,
Thou put'st me in remembrance of some ill. *Exit.*
Diana blush *Acteon* to a Stag?
What shall Lust do? Chastity made horns!
I shall be grafted with a horrid pair,
And between every branch, a written scrowl
Shall speak my shame, that Foot-boys shall discern it,
And Saylers reade it as they passe along:
If I bear this, I have no soul nor spleen,
I must invent some mischief; smallest cares
Are talkative, whilst great ones silent are. *Exit.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æm. What have I done? that with a clew of lust,
Have wrought my self in such a Labyrinth,
Whence I shall ne're get free: there is no wrong,
Like to the breach of wedlock, those injuries
Are writ in Marble, Time shall ne're raise out;
The hearts of such, if they be once divided,
Will ne're grow one again; sooner you may
Call the spent day, or bid the stream return,
That long since slid beside you: I am lost,
Quite forfeited to shame, which till I felt,
I ne're foresaw, so was the lesse prepar'd.
But yet they say, a womans wit is sudden,
And quick at an excuse; I was too foolish,
Had he confounded heaven and earth with oaths,
I might have sworn him down, or wept so truly,
That he should sooner question his own eyes,
Than my false tears; this had been worth the acting,

Or

Or elſe I might have ſtood to the defence on't,
Been angry, and took a courage from my crimes;
But I was tame and ignorant.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Save you Lady.

Æm. Oh Signior *Lionell*, you have undon me.

Lio. Who I! which way?

Æm. The boy you brought my husband.

Lor. I; what of him?

Æm. He is a witch, a theef;
That has ſtoln all my honours, his ſmooth viſage
Seem'd like to a Sea becalm'd, or a ſafe harbour,
Where love might ride ſecurely, but was found
A dangerous quick-ſand, wherein are periſh'd
My hopes and fortunes, by no art or engine
To be weigh'd up again.

Lio. Inſtruct me how.

Æm. Teach me the way then that I may relate
My own ill ſtory, with as great a boldneſſe
As I did firſt conceive, and after act it;
What wicked error lead my wandring thoughts
To gaze on his falſe beauty, that has prov'd
The fatall minute of my minds firſt ruine?
Shall I be briefe?

Lio. What elſe.

Æm. How can I ſpeak
Or plead with hope, that have ſo foul a cauſe!

Lio. You torture me too much; the fear of evill
Is worſe then the event.

Æm. Then, though my heart
Abhorre the memory, Ile tell it out;
The boy I mention'd (what ever power
Did lay on me ſo ſad a puniſhment)
I did behold him with a luſtfull eye,
And which is the perfection of ſinne,
Did woe him to my will.

Lio. Well, what of that?

You are not the first offender in that kinde.

Æm. My suit no sooner ended, but came in
My jealous husband.

Lio: That was something indeed.

Æm. Who overheard us all.

Lio. A shrewd mischance.

Æm. Judge with what countenance he did behold
Or I view him, that had so great a guilt (me,
Hang on my brow; my looks and hot desire
Both fell together: whil'st he big with anger,
And swoln high with revenge, hasts from my presence
Onely to study how to inflict some torture,
Which I stay to expect, and here you see
The suffering object of his cruelty.

Lio. Methinks it were an easie thing for one
That were ingenious, to retort all
On his own head, and make him ask forgiveneſſe.

Æm. That would be seen indeed.

Lio. I have been fortunate
In such turns in my daies.

Æm. Could you do this,
I'de swear you had more wit than *Mercury*,
Or his son *Autolicus*, that was able
To change black into white.

Lio. Do not despair,
I have a *genius* was ne're false to me;
If he should fail me now in these extreams,
I would not onely wonder, but renounce him;
He tels me something may be done, be rul'd:
And if I plot not so, to make all hit,
Then you shall take the morgage of my wit.

Æm. However Sir, you speak comfortably. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelio above, Duke and Leonardo over the Stage.

Aur. Good morrow Gentlemen; what, you are for the feast, I perceive.

Duke. Master *Aurelio*, good morrow to you; whose chamber's that I pray?

Aur.

Aur. My own Sir, now, I thank ill fortune, and a good wife.

Duke. What, are you married, and your friends not preacquainted, this will be construd amongst them.

Aur. A stoln wedding, Sir; I was glad to apprehend any occasion, when I found her enclining: wee'l celebrate the solemnities hereafter, when there shall be nothing wanting to make our *Hymen* happy, and flourishing.

Leon. In good time, Sir; who is your Spouse, I pray?

Aur. Marry Sir, a creature, for whose sake I have endured many a heat and cold, before I could vanquish her; she has prov'd one of *Hercules* labours to me, but Time that perfits all things, made my long toil and affection both successfull; and in brief, 'tis Mistris *Lucretia*, as very a haggard as ever was brought to fist.

Duke. Indeed, I have often heard you much complain of her coyness and disdain; what auspitious charm has now reconcil'd you together?

Aur. There is, Sir, a criticall minute in every mans wooing, when his Mistris may be won, which if he carelesly neglect to prosecute, he may wait long enough before he gain the like opportunity.

Leon. It seems, Sir, you have lighted upon't, we wish you much joy in your fair choise.

Aur. Thank you Gentlemen, and I to either of you no worse fortune; but that my wife is not yet risen, I would entreat you take the pains come up and visit her.

Duke. No Sir, that would be uncivill, wee'l wait some fitter occasion to gratulate your rites: good morrow to you. *Exit.*

Aur. Your servant! nay, lye you still, and dare not so much as proffer to mutter, for if you do, I vanish; now, if you will revolt, you may. I have laid a stain upon your honour, which you shall wash off as well as you can. *Enter Lucretia.*

Luc. Was this done like a Gentleman, or indeed like a true Lover, to bring my name in question, and make me no lesse than your whore, was I ever married to you? speak.

Aur. No, but you may when you please.

Luc. Why were you then so impudent, to proclaim such a falshood, and say I was your wife, and that you had lain with me, when 'twas no such matter.

Aur. Becauſe I meant to make you ſo, and no man elſe ſhould do it.

Luc. S'light, this is a device to over-reach a woman with; he has madded me, and I would give a hundred crowns I could ſcould out my anger.

Aur. Come, there's no injury done to you, but what lyes in my power to make whole agen.

Luc. Your power to make whole? Ile have no man command me ſo far; what can any lawfull Jury judge of my honeſty, upon ſuch proofs as theſe, when they ſhall ſee a Gentleman making himſelf ready ſo early, and ſaluting them out of the chamber? whether (like a falſe man) thou haſt ſtoln in by the bribery of my ſervant, is this no ſcandall?

Aur. 'Twas done on purpoſe, and I am glad my inventions thrive ſo, therefore do not ſtand talking, but reſolve.

Luc. What ſhould I reſolve?

Aur. To marry me, for the ſafeguard of your credit, and that ſuddenly; for I have made a vow, that unleſſe you will do it without delay, Ile not have you at all.

Luc. Some Politician counſell me; there's no ſuch torment to a woman, though ſhe affect a thing never ſo earneſtly, yet to be forc'd to it.

Aur. What, are you agreed?

Luc. Well, you are a tyrant, leade on; what muſt be, muſt be, but if there were any other way in the earth, to ſave my reputation, I'de never have thee.

Aur. Then I muſt do you a courteſie againſt your will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Petrutio and Cook.

Pet. Come honeſt cook, let me ſee how thy imagination has wrought as well as thy fingers, and what curioſity thou haſt ſhown in the preparation of this banquet; for, gluttoning delights to be ingenious.

Cook. I have provided you a feaſt, Sir, of twelve diſhes, whereof each of them is an Emblem of one of the twelve ſignes in the Zodiack.

Pet. Well ſaid, who will now deny that Cookery is a myſterie?

Cook. Look you Sir, there's the Liſt of them.

Pet. *Aries*, *Taurus*, *Gemini*; good:

For *Aries*, a diſh of Lamb ſtones and ſweet breads;
For *Taurus*, a ſurloyn of Beef;
For *Gemini*, a brace of Pheſants.
For *Cancer*, a butter'd Crab,

For

For *Libra*, a Ballance, in one scale a Custard, in the other a Tart, that's a dish for an Alderman.
For *Virgo*, a green Sallet.
For *Scorpio*, a grand one:
For *Sagittarius*, a Pasty of venison.
For *Aquarius*, a Goose.
For *Pisces*, two Mullets: is that all?

Cook. Reade on, Sir.

Pet. And in the middle of the Table, to have an artificiall Hen made of puffpaste, with her wings display'd, sitting upon Eggs compos'd of the same materials, where in each of them shall be enclosed a fat Nightingale, well season'd with Pepper and Ambergreece: so then will I adde one invention more of my own; for, I will have all these descend from the top of my roof, in a Throne, as you see *Cupid* or *Mercury* in a Play.

Cook. That will be rare indeed, Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Pet. See, the guests are come; go, and make all ready. Gentles, you are welcome.

Duke. Is the Antiquary arriv'd, or no; can you tell, Sir?

Pet. Not yet, but I expect him each minute —

Enter Antiquary.

See, your word has charm'd him hither already.

Duke. Signior, you are happily encountred, and the rather, because I have good news to tell you; the Duke has been so gratious, as to release his demand for your Antiquities.

Ant. Has he? you have fill'd me all over with spirit, with which I will mix sixteen glasses of wine, to his health, the first thing I do; would I knew his Highnesse, or had a just occasion to present my loyalty at his feet.

Duke. For that, take no thought, it shall be my care to bring you, and Signior *Petrutio* here, both before him: I have already acquainted him with both your worths, and for ought I can gather by his speech, he intends to do you some extraordinary honours; it may be he will make one a Senator, because of his age; and on the other, bestow his daughter, or neece in marriage; there's some such thing hatching, I assure you.

Pet. Very likely, I imagin'd as much, that laſt ſhall be my lot; I knew ſome ſuch deſtiny would befall me, ſhall we be joviall upon this news, and thruſt all ſadneſſe out of doors?

Leo. For our parts, *Vitellius* was never ſo voluptuous; all our diſcourſe ſhall run wit to the laſt.

Duke. Our mirth ſhall be the quinteſſence of plea-
And our delight flow with that harmony; (ſure,
Th'ambitious ſphærs ſhall to the center ſhrink,
To hear our muſick; ſuch raviſhing accents,
As are from Poets in their fury hurld,
When their outragious raptures fill the world.

Pet. There ſpoke my *genius*.

Ant. Now you talk of Muſick, have you e're a one that can play us an old leſſon, or ſing us an old ſong?

Pet. An old Leſſon? yes, he ſhall play the beginning of the world; and for a ſong, he ſhall ſing one that was made to the moving of the Orbs, when they were firſt ſet in tune.

Ant. Such a one would I hear.

Pet. Walk in then, and it ſhall not be long before I ſatisfie your deſire. *Exeunt.*

Enter Petro and Iulia, with two Bottles.

Iul. Come, Maſter *Petro*, welcome heartily, while they are drinking within, wee'l be as merry as the maids; I ſtole theſe Bottles from under the cupboard, a purpoſe, againſt your comming.

Pet. Courteous Miſtris *Iulia*, how ſhall I deſerve this favour from you?

Iul. There is a way, Maſter *Petro*, if you could finde it; but the tenderneſſe of your youth keeps you in ignorance; 'tis a great fault, I muſt tell you.

Pet. I ſhall ſtrive to amend it, if you pleaſe to inſtruct me, Lady.

Iul. Alas, do not know what Maids love all this while? you muſt come oftner amongſt us, want of company keeps the ſpring of your blood backward.

Pet. It do's ſo, but you ſhall ſee when we are private, I ſhall begin to practiſe with you better.

Enter Bacha.

Ba. Maſter *Petro*, this was kindly done of you.

Pet.

Pet. What's my Master a doing, can you tell?

Ba. Why they are as joviall as twenty beggars, drink their whole cups, six glasses at a health, your Master's almost tipt already.

Pet. So much the better, his businesse is the sooner dispatch'd.

Iu. Well, let not us stand idle, but verifie the proverb, Like Master, like man; and it shall go hard, Master *Petro*, but we will put you in the same Cue.

Pet. Let me have fair play, put nothing in my cup, and do your worst.

Ba. Unlesse the cup have that vertue, to retain the print of a kisse, or the glance of an eye to enamour you, nothing else I assure you.

Pet. For that, I shall be more thirsty of, than of the liquor.

Iu. Then let's make no more words, but about it presently; come Master *Petro*, will you walk in?

Pet. I attend you.

Ba. It shall go hard but Ile drink him asleep, and then work some knavery upon him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Leonardo, and the Antiquary drunk.

Ant. Ile drink with all *Xerxes* army now, a whole river at a draught.

Duke. By'r Lady Sir, that requires a large swallow.

Ant. 'Tis all one, to our noble Dukes health, I can drink no lesse, not a drop lesse; and you his servants will pledge me, I am sure.

Leon. Yes Sir, if you could shew us a way, when we had done, how to build water-mills in our bellies.

Ant. Do you what you will, for my part, I will begin it agen and agen, till *Bacchus* himself shall stand amaz'd at me.

Leon. But should this quantity of drink come up, 'twere enough to breed a deluge, and drown a whole country.

Ant. No matter, they can ne're dye better, than to be drown'd in the Dukes health.

Duke. Well Sir, Ile acquaint him how much he is beholding to you.

Ant. Will you beleeve me, Gentlemen, upon my credit?

Leon. Yes Sir, any thing.

Ant. Do you see these breeches then?

Leon. I, what of them?

Ant. These were *Pompeys* breeches, I assure you.

Duke. Is't possible?

Ant.

Ant. He had his denomination from them, he was call'd *Pompey* the great, from wearing of these great breeches.

Leo. I never heard so much before.

Ant. And this was *Julius Cæsar's* hat, when he was kill'd in the Capitoll, and I am as great as either of them at this present.

Leo. Like enough so.

Ant. And in my conceit I am as honourable.

Duke. If you are not, you deserve to bee.

Ant. Where's Signior *Petrutio*? *Enter Pet. and Gasp.*

Pet. Nay good Father, do not trouble me now, 'tis enough now, that I have promis'd you to go to the Duke with me; in the mean time let me work out matters, do not clog me in the way of my preferrement; when I am a noble man, I will do by you, as *Iupiter* did by the other Deities, that is, I will let down my chair of honour, and pull you up after me.

Gas. Well, you shall rule mee sonne. *Exit.*

Duke. Signior, where have you been?

Pet. I have been forcing my brain to the composition of a few verses in the behalfe of your entertainment, and I never knew them flow so dully from me before, an Exorcist would have conjur'd you up half a dozen spirits in the space.

Leo. Indeed I heard you make a fearfull noise, as if you had been in travail with some strange monster.

Pet. But I have brought them out at last, I thank *Minerva*; and without the help of a mid wife.

Ant. Reach me a chair: Ile sit down, and read them for you.

Leo. You read them!

Ant. Yes, but Ile put on my opticks first, look you, these were *Hanniball's* spectacles.

Duke. Why, did *Hanniball* wear spectacles?

Ant. Yes, after he grew dim with dust in following the Camp, he wore spectacles; reach mee the paper.

Leo. No, an Author must recite his own works.

Ant. Then Ile sit and sleep.

Leo. Read on Signior.

Pet. They were made to shew how welcome you are to mee.

Duke. Read them out.

Pet.

Pet. *As welcome as the Gentry's to the Town,*
After a long and hard vacation:
As welcome as a tost'd ship's to a harbour,
Health to the sick, or a cast suit to a Barbour:
Or as a good new Play is to the times,
When they have long surfetted with base Rimes:
As welcome as the Spring is to the yeer,
So are my friends to me, when I have good cheer.

{While hee reades, the Antiquary fals asleep.}

Duke. I marry Sir, we are doubly beholding to you; what, is Signior *Veterano* faln asleep, and at the recitation of such verses? a most inhumane disgrace, and not to be digested!

Pet. Has he wrong'd me so discourteously? Ile be reveng'd, by *Phœbus.*

Leon. But which way can you parallell so foul an injury?

Pet. Ile go in, and make some verses against him.

Duke. That you shall not, 'tis not requitall sufficient, I have a better trick than so; come, bear him in, and you shall see what I will invent for you, this was a wrong and a half. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æmilia and Lionell.

Æm. Now, Master *Lionell*, as you have been fortunate in the forecasting of this businesse, so pray be studious in the executing, that we may both come off with honour.

Lio. Observe but my directions, and say nothing.

Æm. The whole adventure of my credit depends upon your care and evidence.

Lio. Let no former passage discourage you, be but as peremptory as cause is good.

Æm. Nay, if I but once apprehend a just occasion to usurp over him, let me alone to talk and look scurvily — *Enter Lorenzo.* Step aside, I hear him coming.

Lor. My wife! some Angell guard me; the looks of *Medusa* were not so ominous, Ile haste from the infection of her sight, as from the appearance of a Basilisk.

Æm. Nay Sir, you may tarry; and if vertue has not quite forsook you, or that your ears be not altogether obdurate to good counsell, consider what I say, and be asham'd of the injuries you have wrought against me.

Lor. What unheard of evasion has the subtilty of womans nature suggested to her thoughts, to come off now?

Æm. Well Sir, however you carry it, 'tis I have reason to complain, but the mildnesse of my disposition, and injoyned obedience, will not permit me, though indeed your wantonnesse and ill carriage, have sufficiently provoked me.

Lor. Provok'd you, I provok'd you! as if any fault in a husband should warrant the like in his wife; no, 'twas thy lust, and mightinesse of desire that is so strong within thee: hadst thou no company, no masculine object to look upon, yet thy own fancie were able to create a creature, with whom thou mightst commit, though not an actuall, yet a mentall wickednesse.

Æm. What recompence can you make me, for those slanderous conceits, when they shall be prov'd false to you?

Lor. Hear me, thou base woman, thou that art the abstract of all ever yet was bad, with whom mischief is so incorporate, that you are both one peece together, and but that you go still hand in hand, the devill were not sufficient to encounter with, for thou art indeed, able to instruct him; do not imagine, with this frontlesse impudence, to stand daring of me, I can be angry, and as quick in the execution of it, I can.

Æm. Be as angry as you please, truth and honesty will be confident, in despight of you, those are vertues that will look Justice it self in the face.

Lor. I, but where are they? not a neer you, thou wouldst blast them to behold thee; scarse I think in the world, especially such worlds as you women are.

Æm. Umh, to see what an easie matter it is, to let a jealous peevish husband go on, and rebuke him at pleasure.

Lor. So lewd and stubborn, mads me; speak briefly, what objection can you alleage against me, or for your self?

Æm. None alas against you, you are vertuous, but you think you can act the *Jupiter*, to blinde me with your escapes, and conceal'd trulls; yet I am not so simple, but I can play the *Iuno*, and finde out your exploits.

Lor. What exploits, what conceal'd trulls?

Æm. Why, the supposed boy you seem to be jealous of, 'tis your own Lemon, your own deer morsell; I have searched out the mystery; husbands must do ill, and wives must bear the reproach; a fine inversion.

Lor.

Lor. I am more in a maze, more involv'd in a Labyrinth, than before.

Æm. You were best plead innocence too, 'tis your safest refuge, but I did not think a man of your age and beard, had been so lascivious to keep a disguis'd callet under my nose, a base cockatrice in pages apparell, to wait upon you, and rob me of my due benevolence, there's no law nor equitie to warrant this. *Lor.* Why, do I any such thing?

Æm. Pray what else is the boy, but your own Hermaphrodite? a female Syren in a male out-side, alas, had I intended what you suspect, and accuse mee for; I had been more wary, more private in the carriage I assure you.

Lor. Why, is that boy otherwise then he appears to be?

Enter Lionell.

Æm. 'Tis a thing will quickly be search'd out, your secret bawdery, and the murder of my good name will not long ly hid, I warrant you.

Lio. Now is my Cue to second her.

Lor. Signior *Lionell* most wellcome, I would entreat your advise here to the clearing of a doubt.

Lio. What's that Sir?

Lor. 'Tis concerning the boy you plac'd with mee.

Lio. I, what of him?

Lor. Whether it were an enchantment or no, or an illusion of the sight, or if I could perswade my self it was a dream, 'twere better, but my imagination so perswaded mee that I heard my wife and him enterchanging amorous discourse together; to what an extremity of passion the frailty of mans nature might induce me to.

Lio. Very good.

Lor. Not very good neither, but after the expence of so much anger and distraction, my wife comes upon me again, and affirmes that he is no boy, but a disguis'd mistresse of my own, and upon this swells against mee, as if she had lain all night in the leaven.

Æm. Have not I reason?

Lor. Pray Sir will you inform us of the verity of his sex.

Lio. Then take it upon my word, 'tis a woman.

Æm. Now Sir, what have you to answer?

Lor. I am not yet throughly satisfied, but if it be a woman, I must confesse my errour.

Æm. What satisfaction's that, after so great a wrong, and the taking

away of my good name, you forget my deserts, and how I brought you a dowry of ten talents, besides I find no such superfluity of courage in you to doe this neither.

Lor. Well, were he a boy or no, 'tis more then I can affirm, yet this Ile swear, I entertain'd him for no mistris, and I hope you for no servant, therfore good wife be pacified.

Æm. No Sir, Ile call my kindred and my friends together, then present a joynt complaint of you to the Senate, and if they right me not, Ile protest there's no justice in their Court or government.

Lor. If she have this plea against me, I must make my peace, shee'l undoe me else; sweet wife, I ask thee forgiveneſſe upon my knees, if thou wilt have me; I rejoyce more that thou art cleere, then I was angry for the suppos'd offence, be but patient, and the liberty thou enioy'dst before shall be thought thraldom hereafter: sweet Sir, will you mediate?

Lio. Come sweet Lady, upon my request you shall be made friends, 'twas but a mistake, conceive it so, and he shall study to redeeme it.

Æm. Well Sir, upon this Gentleman's entreaty, you have your pardon, you know the propensity of my disposition, and that makes you so bold with me.

Lor. Pray master *Lionell* will you acquaint my wife with the purpose of this concealment, for I am utterly ignorant, and she has not the patience to hear mee.

Lio. It requires more privacy then so, neither is it yet ripe for projection, but because the communitie of Counsell is the onely pledg of friendship, walk in and Ile acquaint you.

Lor. Honest sweet wife I thank thee with all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Leonardo, and Petrutio bringing in the Antiquary in a fools coat.

Duke. So set him down softly, then let us slip aside and overhear him.

Ant. Where am I? what metamorphosis am I crept into? a fools coat! what's the Emblem of this trow? who has thus transform'd me I wonder? I was awake, am I not asleep still; why *Petro* you rogue, sure I have drunk of Circes cup, and that has turn'd me to this shape of a fool, and I had drunk a little longer, I had been chang'd into an asse, why *Petro* I say, I will not rest calling till thou com'st——

Enter Petro in womans Cloths.

Hoiday

Hoiday, what more transmigrations of formes, I think *Pythagoras* has been amongst us, how came you thus accowterd Sirrah?

Pet. Why Sir, the wenches made me drunke, and dress'd mee as you see.

Ant. A merry world the while, my boy and I make one hermaphrodite, and now next Midsummer ale, I may serve for a fool, and he for a maid Marrian.

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Duke. Who is this Signior *Veterano*?

Ant. The same Sir, I was not so when you left mee, do you know who has thus abus'd mee?

Duke. Not I Sir.

Ant. You promis'd to do me a courtesie.

Duke. Any thing lies in my power.

Ant. Then pray will you bring me immediately to the Duke?

Duke. Not as you are I hope.

Ant. Yes as *I* am, he shall see how *I* am wrong'd amongst them, *I* know he loves me, and will right mee; pray Sir, forbear perswasion to the contrary, and lead on. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo, *Moccinigo*, *Æmilia*, *and* Lucretia.

Lor. Now Signior *Moccinigo*, what hast requires your presence?

Moc. Marry Sir this, you brought mee once into a paradise of pleasure, and expectation of much comfort, my request therefore is, that you would no longer defer, what then you so liberally promis'd.

Lor. How do you mean?

Moc. Why Sir, in joyning that beautious Lady your daughter, and my self in the firm bonds of matrimony, for *I* am somewhat impatient of delay in this kinde, and indeed the height of my blood requires it.

Luc. Are you so hot, *I* shall give you a card to cool you presently.

Lor. 'Tis an honest and a vertuous demaund, and on all sides an action of great consequence, and for my part there's not a thing in the world, *I* could wish sooner accomplished.

Moc.

Moc. Thank you Sir.

Lor. There's another branch of policy beſides the complying of you two together, which ſprings from the fruitfullneſſe of my brain, that I as much labour to bring to perfection as the other.

Moc. What's that Sir?

Lor. A deviſe upon the ſame occaſion, but with a different reſpect, 'tis to be impos'd upon *Petrutio*, I hate to differ ſo much from the nature of an Italian, as not to be revengefull, and the occaſion at this time was, he ſcorn'd the love of her, that you now ſo ſtudiouſly affect; but Ile fit him in his kinde.

Moc. Did he ſo? he deſerves to have both his eyes ſtruck as blind as Cupids his maſter, that ſhould have taught him better manners; but how will you do it.

Lor. There's one *Lionell* an ingenious witty Gentleman.

Æm. I that he is, as ever breath'd, husband upon my knowledge.

Lor Well, hee is ſo, and wee two have caſt to requite it upon him, the plot as he informs me is already in agitation, and afterwards ſans delay, Ile beſtow her upon you.

Luc. But you may be deceav'd.

Moc. Still you engage mee more and more your debtor.

Lor. If I can bring both theſe to ſucceſſe, as they are happily intended, I may ſit down, and with the Poet cry *Iamq; opus exegi.*

Moc. Would I could ſay ſo too, I wiſh as much, but 'tis you muſt confirm it, fair miſtreſſe, one bare word of your conſent, and 'tis done, the ſweetneſſe of your looks encourage me, that you will joyne pitty with your beauty, there ſhall be nothing wanting in me to demerit it, and then I hope, although I am baſe,

Baſe in reſpect of you, divine and pure;
Dutifull ſervice may your love procure.

Lor. How now Signior, what, love and poetry have they two found you out? nay then you muſt conquer; conſider this, daughter, ſhew thy obedience to *Phœbus* and God *Cupid*, make an humble proffer of thy ſelf, 'twill be the more acceptable, and advance thy deſerts.

Æm. Doe chicken, ſpeak the word, and make him happy in a minute.

Lor. Well ſaid wife, ſolicite in his behalf, 'tis well done, I am loth to importune her too much for fear of a repulſe.

Æm. Marry come up Sir, you are ſtill uſurping in my company, is this

this according to the articles propos'd between us, that I should bear rule, and you obey with silence; I had thought to have endeavour'd for perswasion, but because you exhort me to it, Ile desist from what I intended, Ile do nothing but of my own accord, I.

Lor. Mum wife, I have done; thus we that are married must be subject to.

Moc. You give an ill example, mistris *Æmilia*, you give an example

Æm. What old fellow is this, that talks so; doe you know him daughter?

Moc. Have you so soon forgot mee, Lady?

Æm. Where has he had his breeding I wonder? he is the off-spring of some peasant sure, can he shew any Pedegree?

Lor. Let her alone, there's no dealing with her, come daughter, let me hear you answer to this Gentleman.

Luc. Truely Sir, I have endeavour'd all meanes possible, and in a manner enforc'd my self to love him.

Lor. Well said girle.

Luc. But could never effect it.

Lor. How?

Luc. I have examined what ever might commend a Gentleman, both for his exteriour and inward abilities, yet amongst all, that may speak him worthy, I could never discern one good part or quality, to invite affection.

Lor. This is it I fear'd, now should I break out into rage, but my wife and a foolish nature with-hold my passion.

Moc. I am undone, unspirited, my hopes vaine, and my labours nullities.

Lor. Where be your large vaunts now Signior, what strange tricks and devises you had to win a woman!

Moc. Such assurance I conceiv'd of my self, but when they affect willfull stubbornesse, lock up their ears, and will hearken to no manner of perswasion, what shall a man do?

Lor. You hear what taxes are laid upon your daughter, these are staines to your other vertues.

Luc. Pray Sir, hear my defence, what sympathy can there be between our two ages, or agreement in our conditions? but you'l object he has means, 'tis confess'd; but what assurance has he to keep it? will

it

it continue longer then the law permits him poſſeſſion? which will come like a torrent, and ſweep away all; he has made a forfeiture of his whole eſtate.

Lor. What are you become a Statiſts daughter, or a Propheteſſe? whence have you this intelligence?

Moc. I hope ſhe will not betray me.

Luc. If murder can exact it, 'tis abſolutely loſt.

Lor. How, murder!

Luc. Yes, he conſpir'd the other day with a *Bravo*, a cut-throat, to take away the life of a noble innocent Gentleman, which is ſince diſcovered by miracle; the ſame that came with muſicke to my window.

Moc. All's out, I am ruin'd in her confeſſion; that man that truſts woman with a privacie, and hopes for ſilence, he may as well expect it at the fall of a bridge; a ſecret with them is like a viper, 'twill make way, though it eate through the bowels of them.

Lor. Take heed, how you traduce a perſon of his rank and eminency, a ſcar in a mean man becomes a wound in a greater.

Luc. There he is, queſtion him; and if he deny it, get him examined.

Lor. Why Signior, is this true?

Æm. His ſilence bewrayes him, 'tis ſo.

Moc. 'Tis ſo, that all women thirſt mans overthrow; that's a principle as demonſtrative as truth; 'tis the onely end they were made for: and when they have once inſinuated themſelves into our counſels, and gain'd the power of our life, the fire is more mercifull, it burns within them till it get forth.

Lor. I commend her for the diſcovery, 'twas not fit her weak thoughts ſhould be clogg'd with ſo foul a matter; it had been to her like forc'd meat to a ſurfetted ſtomack, that would have bred nothing but crudities in her conſcience.

Moc. Oh my curſed fate! ſhame and puniſhment attend me, they are the fruits of luſt; Sir, all that I did, was for her eaſe and liberty.

Luc. Nay Sir, he was ſo impudent to be an acceſſary, who knows but he might as privatly have plotted to have ſent me after him; for how ſhould I have been ſecure of my life, when he made no ſcruple to kill another upon ſo ſmall an inducement?

Æm. Thou ſay'ſt right, daughter, thou ſhalt utterly diſclaim him; the caſt of his eye ſhews he was ever a knave.

Moc.

Moc. How the ſcabs deſcant upon mee.

Lor. What was the motive to this foul attempt?

Luc. Why Sir, becauſe he was an affectionate lover of mine, and for no other vile reaſon in the earth.

Æm. Oh mandrake, was that all? he thought belike, he ſhould not have enough: thou covetous ingroſer of venery, why, one wife is able to content two husbands.

Moc. Sir, I am at your mercy, bid them not inſult upon mee; I beſeech you let mee go as I came.

Lor. Stay there, I know not how I ſhall cenſure your eſcape, ſo I may be thought a party in the buſineſſe.

Luc. Beſides I hear ſince that the mercenary varlet that did it, though hee be otherwiſe moſt deſperate, and hardened in ſuch exploits, yet ſince out of the apprehenſion of ſo unjuſt an act, and mov'd in conſcience for ſo foul a guilt, is grown diſtracted, raves out of meaſure, confeſſes the deed, accuſes himſelf and the procurer, curſes both; and will by no meanes be quieted.

Lor. Where is that fellow?

Luc. Sir, if you pleaſe to accompany mee, I will bring you to him, where your own eye and eare ſhall witneſſe the certainty, and then I hope, you will repent that ever you ſought to tie me to ſuch a monſter as this, who prefer'd the heat of his deſires before all lawes of nature or humanity.

Lor. Yes that I will, and gratulate the ſubtlety of thy will, and goodneſſe of fate, that protected thee from him.

Æm. Away with him husband, and be ſure to beg his lands betimes, before your Court vultures ſent his carkaſe.

Lor. Well ſaid wife, I ſhould never have thought on this now, and thou had'ſt not put me in minde of it; women I ſee have the onely maſculine policy, and are the beſt ſolicitors and politicians of a ſtate, but Ile firſt go ſee him my daughter tells me of, that when I am truely inform'd of all, I can the better proceed in my accuſation againſt them, come along Sir.

Moc. Well, if you are ſo violent, I am as reſolute; tis but a hanging matter, and do your worſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bravo and Boy.

Bra. What newes Boy?

Boy. Sir, Mistris *Lucretia* commends her to you, and desires, as ever her perswasion wrought upon you; or as you affect her good, and would adde credit and beleef to what she has reported, that you would now strain your utmost, to the expression of what she and you consulted of.

Bra. I apprehend her, where is she?

Boy. Hard by Sir, her father and the old fornicator *Moccinigo*, and I think her mother, are all comming to be spectators of your strange behaviour. *Exit.*

Bra. Go wait them in, let me alone to personate an extasie; I am neer mad already, and I do not fool my self quite into't, I care not—— Ile withdraw till they come. *Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo, Moccinigo, Æmilia, Lucretia and Boy.

Lor. Is this the place?

Luc. Yes Sir, where's your Master, Boy? how do's he?

Boy. Oh sweet Mistris, quite distemper'd, his brains turns round like the needle of a Dyall, six mens strength is not able to hold him, he was bound with I know not how many cords, this morning, and broke them all—— See where he enters.

Enter Bravo.

Bra. Why, if I kill'd him, what is that to thee?
Was I not hir'd unto it? 'twas not I,
But the bale gold that slew Sir *Polydore*:
Then damn the money.

Lor. He begins to preach.

Æm. Will he do us no mischief, think you?

Boy. Oh no, he is the best for that in his fits, that e're you knew, he hurts no body.

Moc. But I am vildely afraid of him.

Boy. If you are a vile person, or have done any great wicked deede, you were best look to your self, for those he knows by instinct; and assaults them with as much violence as may be.

Moc. Then am I perish'd; good Sir, I had rather answer the Law, than

than be terrifi'd with his looks.

Lor. Nay you ſhall tarry, and take part with us, by your favour.

Æm. How his eyes ſparkle!

Bra. Look where the ghoſt appears, his wounds freſh bleeding,
He frowns, and threatens me, could the ſubſtance
Do nothing, and will ſhadow's revenge?

Lor. 'Tis ſtrange,
This was a fearfull murder.

Bra. Do not ſtare ſo,
I can look big too, all I did unto thee,
'Twas by anothers inſtigation:
There be ſome that are as deep in as my ſelf,
Go and fright them too.

Moc. Beſhrew him for his counſell.

Lor. What a juſt judgment's here? 'tis an old ſaying,
Murder will out; and 'fore it ſhall lye hid,
The authors will accuſe themſelves.

Bra. Now he vaniſhes;
Doſt thou ſteal from me, fearfull ſpirit? ſee
The print of his footſteps.

Moc. That ever my luſt ſhould be the parent to ſo foul a ſin!

Bra. He told me, that his horrid tragedy
Was acted over every night in hell,
Where ſaid *Erynnis* with her venom'd face,
Black with the curls of ſnakes, ſits a ſpectatrix,
That lift their ſpeckled heads above their ſhoulders,
And thruſting forth their ſtings, hiſs at their entrance;
And that ſerves for an applauſe.

Moc. How can you have the heart to look upon him? pray let me go,
I feel a looſneſſe in my belly.

Lor. Nay, you ſhall hear all out firſt.

Moc. I confeſſe it,
What would you have more of me?

Bra. Then fierce *Enyo* holds a torch, *Megera*
Another; Ile down and play my part amongſt them,
For I can do't to th'life.

Lor. Rather to the death.

Bra. Ile trace th'infernall Theater, and view
Thoſe ſqualid Actors, and the tragick pomp
Of hell and night.

Moccin. How ghaſtly his words ſound! pray keep him off from mee.

Lor. The guilt of conſcience makes you fearfull, Signior.

Bra. When I come there, Ile chain up *Cerberus*,
Nay Ile muzzle him; Ile pull down *Æacus*,
And *Minos* by the beard; then with my foot
Ile tumble *Rhadamanthus* from his chair:
And for the Furies, Ile not ſuffer them,
Ile be my ſelf a Fury.

Moc. To vex me, I warrant you.

Bra. Next will I poſt unto the deſtinies,
Shiver their wheel and diſtaff 'gainſt the wall,
And ſpoil their huſwifery; Ile take their ſpindle,
Where hang the threds of humane life, like beams
Drawn from the Sun, and mix them all together,
Kings with the beggers.

Moc. Good Sir, he comes towards me.

Bra. That I could ſee that old fox *Moccinigo*,
The villain that did tempt me to this deed.

Moc. He names me too, pray Sir ſtand between us; Ladies do you ſpeak to him, I have not the faith.

Æm. What would you do with him, if you had him?

Bra. I'de ſerve him worſe than *Hercules* did *Licas*,
When he preſented him the poyſon'd ſhirt,
Which when he had put on, and felt the ſmart,
He ſnatch'd him by the heels into the air,
Swung him ſome once or twice about his head,
Then ſhot him like a ſtone out of an engine,
Three furlongs length into the Euboick ſea.

Lor. What a huge progreſſe is that, for an old Lover to be carried?

Bra. What's he that ſeeks to hide himſelf? come forth thou mortall,
Thou art a traytor or a murderer.
Oh, is it you?

Moc. What will become of me? pray help me, I shall be torn in peeces else.

Bra. You and I must walk together, come into the middle yet further.

Enter Aurelio as an Officer, and two Servants.

Aur. Where be these fellows here that murder men? Sergeants apprehend them, and convey them straight before the Duke.

Bra. Who are you?

Aur. We are the Dukes officers.

Bra. The Dukes officers must be obey'd, take heed of displeasing them; how majestically they look.

Lor. You see wife, the charm of authority, and a man be ne're so wilde, it tames him presently.

Em. I husband, I know what will tame a man besides authority.

Aur. Come gentles, since you are altogether, I must entreat your company along with us, to witnesse what you know in this behalf.

Lor. Sir, you have prevented us, for we intended to have brought him our selves before his highnesse.

Aur. Then I hope your resolution will make it the easier to you; what Sir, will you go willingly?

Bra. Without all contradiction, leade on. *Exeunt. Flourish.*

Enter Lionell as the Duke; Duke, Petrutio, Gasparo, Angelia as a woman.

Duke. Come Signior,
This is the morning must shine bright upon you,
Wherein preferment that has slept obscure,
And all this while linger'd behinde your wishes,
Shall overtake you in her greatest glories;
Ambition shall be weak, to think the honours
Shall crown your worth.

Pet. Father, you hear all this?

Gas. I do with joy, son, and am ravish'd at it.
Therefore I have resign'd m'estate unto thee,
(Onely reserving some few crowns to live on)

Becauſe I'de have thee to maintain thy part.
Pet. You did as you ought.
Gaſ. 'Tis enough for me,
To be the parent of ſo bleſt an iſſue.
Pet. Nay, if you are ſo apprehenſive, I am ſatisfied.
Lio. Is this the Gentleman you ſo commended?
Duke. It is the ſame, my liege, whoſe royall vertues
Fitting a Princes Court, are the large field
For Fame to triumph in.
Lio. So you inform'd me, his face and carriage do import no leſſe.
Duke. Report abroad ſpeaks him as liberally;
And in my thoughts, fortune deſerves but ill,
That ſhe detain'd thus long her favours from him.
Lio. That will I make amends for.
Gaſ. Happy hour,
And happy me to ſee it; now I perceive
He has more wit than my ſelf.
Pet. What muſt I do?
Duke. What muſt you do? go ſtrait and kneel before him,
And thank his highneſſe for his love.
Pet. I can't ſpeak,
I am ſo overcome with ſudden gladneſſe,
Yet Ile endevour it; moſt mighty Soveraign,
Thus low I bow, in humble reverence,
To kiſſe the baſis of your regall Throne.
Lion. Riſe up.
Pet. Your Graces ſervant.
Lion. We admit you,
Our neereſt favourite in place and counſell.
Duke. Go to, you are made for ever.
Pet. Ile finde ſome office
To gratulate thy pains.
Lion. What was the cauſe
That you preſented him no ſooner to us,
We might have bred him up in our affairs,
And he have learnt the faſhions of our Court,
Which might have rendred him more active.
Duke. Doubt not,

His ingenuity will soon instruct him.
Lio. Then to confirm him deeper in our friendship,
We here assign our sister for his wife.
What, is he bashfull?
Pet. Speaks your Grace in earnest?
Lion. What else? Ile have it so.
Duke. Why do you not step and take her?
Pet. Is't not a kinde of treason?
Duke. Not, if he bid you.
Pet. Divinest Lady are you so content?
Ang. What my Brother commands, I must obey.
Lio. Joyn hands together, be wise, and use
Your dignities with a due reverence;
Tiberius Cæsar joy'd not in the birth
Of great *Seianus* fortunes with that zeal,
As I shal to have rais'd you, though I hope; a different fate attends you.
Duke. Go to the Church,
Perform your rights there, and return again
As fast as you can.
Gas. I could e'en expire with contemplation of his happinesse.
Lio. What old man's that?
Pet. This is my Father, Sir.
Lio. Your own Father?
Gas. So please your Grace.
Lio. Give him a pair
Of velvet breeches, from our Grandsires wardrobe.
Gas. Thrice noble Duke, come sonne let's to the Church. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antiquary and Petro.

Lion. How now, what new come Pageant have we here?
Duke. This is the famous Antiquary I told your grace of, a man worthy your grace; the *Ianus* of our age, and treasurer of times past, a man worthy your bounteous favour and kinde notice, that will as soon forget himself in the remembrance of your highnesse, as any subject you have.

Lion.

Lion. How comes he so accoutred?

Duke. No miracle at all, Sir; for, as you have many fools in the habit of a wise man, so have you sometimes a wise man in the habit of a fool.

Ant. Sir, I have been grosly abus'd, as no story, record or chronicle can parallell the like, and I come here for redresse; I hear your highnes loves me, and indeed you are partly interest in the cause, for I having took somewhat a large potion for your graces health, fell a sleep, when in the interim they apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an Asinigo of me? and for my boy here, they cogg'd him out of his proper shape, into the habit of an Amazon, to wait upon me.

Lion. But who did this?

Ant. Nay Sir, that I cannot tell, but I desire it may be found out.

Duke. Well Signior, if you knew all, you have no cause to be angry.

Ant. How so?

Duke. Why, that same coat you wear, did formerly belong unto *Pantolabus* the Roman Jester, and Buffon to *Augustus Cæsar*.

Ant. And I thought so, I'de ne're put it off while I breath'd.

Lion. Stand by, wee'l enquire further anon.

Enter Aurelio, Lorenzo, Moccinigo, Bravo, Æmilia, Lucretia, Officers.

Now, who are you?

Aur. Your highnesse Officers,
We have brought two murderers here to be censur'd,
Who by their own confession are found guilty,
And need no further triall.

Lion. Which be the parties?

Aur. These and please you.

Lion. Well, what do you answer?
What can you plead to stop the course of Justice?

Moc. For my part, tho I had no conscience to act it,
I have not the heart to deny it; and therefore expect
Your sentence: for mercie, I hope none, nor favour.

Lio. What says th'accuser?

Luc. Please your princely wisdom,
He slew a man was destin'd for my husband;
Yet since anothers death cannot recall him,

Were

Were the Law satisfied, and he adjudg'd
To have his goods confiscate, for my own part,
I could rest weil content.
Moc. With all my heart,
I yield possession to whomsoe're
She shall choose for a husband; reach a paper
Or blank, Ile seal to it.
Luc. See, there's a writing.
Moc. And there's my hand to it,
I care not what the conditions be.
Lion. 'Tis well, whom will you choose in place of the other?
Luc. Then Sir, to keep his memory alive,
Ile seek no further than this officer.
Lor. How, choose a common Sergeant for her husband!
Æm. A base commendadore, Ile ne're indure it.
Aur. No Lady, a Gentleman I assure you, and suppos'd the slain *Aurelio.* *Discovers himself.*
Moc. A plot, a plot upon me, Ile revoke it all.
Lio. Nay, that you cannot, now you have confirm'd it.
Moc. Am I then cheated? Ile go home and dye,
To avoid shame, not live in infamy. *Exit.*
Lio. What says the villain *Bravo* for himself?
Bra. The *Bravo*, Sir, is honest, and his father.
Aur. My father! blesse me, how comes this about?
Bra. That vertuous Maid, whom I must alwaies ho-
Acquainted me with that old Leachers drift: (nour,
I, to prevent the ruin of my son,
Conceal'd from all, proffer'd my service to him
In this disguise.
Lion. 'Twas a wise and pious deed.

Enter Petrutio, Angelia, and Gaspare.

Pet. Room for the Dukes kindred.
Lio. What, you are married, I perceive.
Pet. I am, Royall Brother.
Lion. Then for your better learning in our service,

Take theſe inſtructions; never hereafter
Contemn a man that has more wit than your ſelf,
Or fooliſhly conceive no Ladies merit,
Or beauty worthy your affection.

Pet. How's this?

Lio. Truth, my moſt honor'd Brother, you are gull'd,
So is my reverent uncle the Antiquary,
So are you all; for he that you conceiv'd
The Duke, is your friend and *Lionell*,
Look you elſe.

Pet. 'Tis ſo.

Gaſ. 'Tis too apparent true.

Lio. What, all drunk? ſpeak Uncle.

Ant. Thou art my Nephew,
And thou haſt wit, 'tis fit thou ſhouldſt have land to.
Tell me no more how thou haſt cheated me,
I do perceive it, and forgive thee for't,
Thou ſhalt have all I have, and Ile be wiſer.

Lio. I thank you Sir, Brother *Petrutio*,
This to your comfort, that is my Siſter,
Whom formerly you did abuſe in love,
And you may be glad your lot is no worſe.

Pet. I am contented, Ile give a good wit
Leave to abuſe me at any time.

Lor. When he cannot help it.

Gaſ. This 'tis,
To be ſo politick and ambitious, Son.

Pet. Nay father, do not you aggravate it too.

Lor. Well Signior,
You muſt pardon me, if I bid joy to you,
My daughter was not good enough for you.

Pet. You are tyrannous.

Enter Leonardo.

Leon. Save you Gallants.

Lio. You are very welcome.

Leon. I come in queſt of our noble Duke,
Who from his Court has ſtoln out privatly,

And.

And 'tis reported he is here.
Lio. No indeed, Sir,
He is not here; 'ſlight we ſhall be queſtion'd
For counterfeiting his perſon.
Duke. Be not diſmaid,
I am the Duke.
Leon. My Lord?
Duke. The very ſame, Sir,
That for my recreation, have diſcended
(And no impeach, I hope, to royalty)
To fit ſpectator of your mirth: and thus much
You ſhall gain by my preſence; what is paſt,
Ile ſee it ratified as firm, as if
My ſelf and Senate had concluded it.
And when a Prince allows his Subjects ſport,
He that pines at it, let him periſh for't.

FINIS.

And 'tis reported he is here.

Leo. No indeed, Sir,

He is not here; High we shall be qualified

For conducting his pleasure.

Duke. Be not dismaid,

I am the Duke.

Leon. My Lord?

Duke. The very same, Sir,

That for my accession, have discarded

(And no impeach, I hope, so royally)

To the pleasure of your mind: and thus much

You shall gain by my presence; what is past,

He-fe is ratified as firm, as if

My self and Senate had concluded it.

And when a Prince allows his Subjects free,

He that pines at it, let him perish for't.

2556-814

WILLIAM SALLOCH
Pines Bridge Road
Ossining, N.Y. 10562